

discorder

june 1994

another magazine to line the birdcage with from CTR 101.9 FM

FREE

jAAp p_p bL^LLO nk

pppPaA S^kA

boneclub

clutch

urge overkill

the inbreds

music waste

CARGO'S MOST WANTED



MERLIN

A Noise Supreme

Merlin is a 24-year old wizard... who crumples metal, pop, hip hop and funk into his power blender to produce no-BS, intense and soulful pop with dark, angry edges... a hot-shot prospect.
-The Record



SUPERCHUNK

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MALHAVOC

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The best yet from MC J.C. and crew. Check out "Naked", "Discipline" and "Wasted Away (Da Big Y)". Find the hidden track! Watch for tour dates!



OFFSPRING

Smash

Exploding at retail! Exploding on the Cargo office turntable! (Damage in the thousands). Set to explode at radio!



MEKONS

Retreat From Memphis

Angry, triumphant, bittersweet... this is a mighty fine follow up to 93's popular "I ♥ Mekons"



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The band's reputation as an unparalleled live band is undisputed, and their third studio longplayer, *It's Alright* captures that essence. An absolute winner!

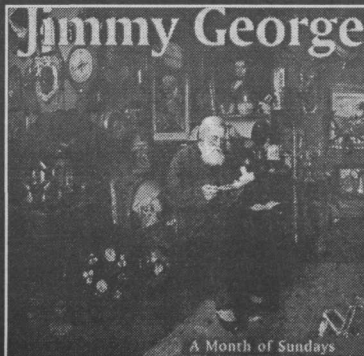


"Garage Orchestra clearly owes its greatest debt to Pet Sounds - era Brian Wilson.. In all, the album is a deliciously different delight."
- Billboard (Apr. 16/94)

On *Garage Orchestra*, Berryhill's third release, she once again breaks all the rules with a collection of songs saturated with stark originality and cutting-edge musical vision.



14 songs from Ottawa's favourite (and only) 8-piece Pop / Celtic / Punk / Rock / Whatever Band



A Month of Sundays

DISORDER

June 1994 Issue #137

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From UBC to Langley, and Squamish to Bellingham, WA, CiTR can be heard at 101.9 fm, as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock.

Call the CiTR DJ line @ (604) 822-CiTR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news and sports lines @ 222-2467, fax @ (604) 822-9364, or write:

Disorder
#232-4138-3364
Vancouver, B.C., Canada
V6T 1Z1

dis-cover

For the second month in a row we went out of town to have our cover designed; and for the second month in a row we went to Calgary. Russ Bugera did a splendid job in giving Mr. Jaap Blonk his rightful deed with no more direction than "We want Jaap on the cover" from us. We've been waiting a long time to bring you this interview, we hope you embrace Jaap and Paska into your hearts as fondly as we have.

dis-contents

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Chipmunks and Squirrels
- 8 Talkin' Loud and Payin' Nuthin'. 3 scenesters give their impressions of the little conference that couldn't, and shouldn't.
- 10 All phallic allusions aside, Boneclub rock hard.
- 11 Clutch
Four on the floor-core.
- 12 King for a Day. The very last time we mention Urge Overkill in this mag, ever.
- 13 Inbreds
- 14 Jaap Blonk vs. Paska:
The European vocal artist battle royale! Paska claims, "I'm shit" while Jaap babbles for retribution. A white towel event-you be the judge.
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preferred listening during...

As Punks Grim, Beastie Boys III Communication, Johnny Cash American Recordings, Mick Cave and the Bad Seeds Let Love In, Combustible Edison I, Swinger, dhs Catch 22, Girls Against Boys Sexy Sam, Jesus Christ Superstar, Mercury Rev Yerself is Steam, Pavement Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain, Rev. Horton Heat/Supersuckers "Caliente"/"400 Bucks", Gil Scott-Heron Spirits, Seaweed four, Slowdive Souvlaki, Bonie Youth Daydream Nation, Swervedriver Raised, The Solitude, Unwound New Plastic Ideas, Wedding Present Peel Sessions 1987-90

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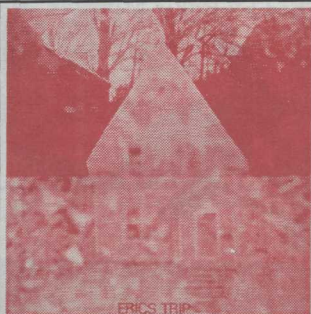
If you're in a band and haven't sent your demos and promotional material in to **Linda at CiTR**, you don't **DESERVE** to have us take your shit to the **National Campus and Community Radio Conference**

in Fredrickton, N.B. and show it around to all the hip swinging people that'll be there. Since we're feeling conciliatory, however, we'll give you another chance but you'd better hurry because this mood isn't likely to last.

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Sam the Record Man

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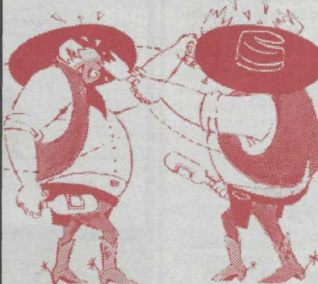
ERIC'S TRIP - CD EP
THE GORDON STREET
HAUNTING

includes:
I'm so near here,
Lightly Feeding,
Never Grow,
Departure Song,
Your Always Right

7⁹⁹
CD EP



REV. HORTON HEAT / SUPERSUCKERS
Coolburn / 400 Bucks / 400 Bucks / Caudillo



**REV. HORTON HEAT/
SUPERSUCKERS** -
CD Single
CALIENTE/
400 BUCKS

7⁹⁹
CD Single



heatmiser

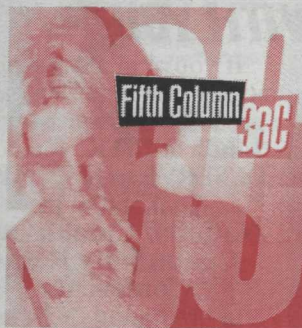


yellow no. 5

heatmiser

yellow no. 5
includes:
wake, fourtune 500,
the corner seat, idler,
junior mint
and
yellow no. 5

8⁹⁹
cass
14⁹⁹
CD



FIFTH COLUMN
36C

includes:
All Women Are
Bitches Repeat (Get the) Bug,
Your Love Glows in the Dark,
Don't Suffer, Donna,
M.O.V.E., Van Breaker in Love,
Schizoclash and
It's a Really Weird Thing

8⁹⁹
cass
14⁹⁹
CD



VELOCITY GIRL - CD Single

SORRY AGAIN
includes:
Sorry Again
from the album *Sympatico!*
and 3 non-LP tracks:
Marzipan,
Diamond Jubilee
and Labrador

7⁹⁹
CD Single



SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE



SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE

DIARY
includes:
Seven,
Song About an Angel,
47, Pheutran Skeuto

8⁹⁹
cass
14⁹⁹
CD



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AIRHEAD

Congratulations to last month's *Live Through This* May prize winners (you know who you are), stay tuned/keep reading for your chance to capitalize on even more giveaway opportunities! If you haven't received your copy of Hole's newest CD release yet, patience—those civil servants are doing their darndest. Thanks for the postcards and the lesson that even those non-private forms of print communication can be recycled.

THE MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUESTION?

Sonic Youth is still "punk" even though the respective members are ALL nearing 40 because:
a) an average live performance allows more time spent for repairing equipment than the actual playing of music;
b) Kim and Thurston's soon-to-be-born child is already for sale on the Black Market;

neglect, the issue of child care depicted in this manner is in very poor taste.

My only hope is that your readership is educated and caring enough not to spike their child's late night bottle with alcohol.

Jennifer Sutton
Steveston, B.C.

In my intention, within the drawing, to show that the baby is the corruptive influence, with the parents depicted as harried, overworked parents. The evil, albeit contented-looking type, is using them to cater to its baser desires: perpetuating its filthy smoking habit, satisfying its poor taste in liquor & literature, etc.

Jennifer may be happy to know to learn that the parents have since cancelled the evil fruit of their loins' subscription to *Airhead*.

Tom Bagley

Dear Airhead,

In reference to the review last issue of the April 2nd ANZA show, our band name is "July Fourth Toilet" not "Fourth of July Toilet"; my name is Robert Dayton not Rob Dayton; and it was Joe Preston (not of "The Melvins"), not John Preston, who played with "Superconductor." Also, neither I nor "July Fourth Toilet" have any friends named Peter Menard (unlike what he stated in the review).

Ts-tsk,
Robert Dayton,
July Fourth Toilet

Follow me here: July Fourth Toilet was a one-off, Joe Preston ("The Melvins") is a has-been, and Superconductor is not only a circle-jerk disguised by a snake machine but they're all date-less; so who gives a fuck? The beauty of print is being able to write under a pseudonym and nobody but I will ever know who "Peter" is. Ts-tsk, Bobby.

Discorder,

This is a call for all you Asian film fans out there. I want to produce a Asian film resource guide to provide info on venues, video stores, theatres which specialize in Oriental movies and soundtracks here on the west coast.

I am in contact with Colin Godden who has published an excellent fanzine out of Toronto called *ASIAN EYE*. He is currently working on #2. Those interested can write: *ASIAN EYE*, c/o Colin Godden, 253 College St. #108, Toronto, Ont. M5T 1R5 (416) 533-6172

I want to delve into the less explored aspects of the Asian film community. While I do not want to ignore Hong Kong, I would like to cover Japanese, Philippine and less-represented Asian nationalities.

What I need is names and locations of good video stores and theatres throughout Chinatown and the rest of Vancouver, with a small sample of recent or more unusual titles.

Anyone interested in writing reviews would be most appreciated, and anyone interested in trading videos and Asian film materials, or inquiring about already-written reviews, Asian film, tapes and other info, is welcomed to write. Please write to:

Jeff Carpenter
P.O. Box 8041
Victoria, B.C.
V8W 3R7 (604) 595-2870

Dear Discorder,

I live in Springfield, MO, the buckle of the bible belt, about 30 miles from Branson, that country music zoo.

Anyway, there is a really big underground scene here because the few clubs here are owned by pricks who don't give a shit if the local bands wither into extinction.

I have been putting on shows in my house, The Pink House, but the cops busted the last one. Well, I talked to my mom yesterday and she said I could do a show in her field on June 4th. It's the perfect place!

I'm doing this to give all the area original music bands to play. But I want it to be BIG! So, any bands from anywhere can play if they want. I'm not sure I'll make any money off this whole thing, but if I do I'll dish out cash to the bands.

based on how far they had to travel. I just want as many musicians as possible to get exposure. It really pisses me off that 6 million people a year are flocking to Branson, and 35 minutes away, here in Springfield some of the best bands in the world are getting no attention.

So, as of yesterday the Midwest Summer-Fest is set to begin at 12 NOON on June 4th, 1994, and it will last until it is over. I already have a dozen bands confirmed to play and I don't think it will be long before that number is tripled.

The price for all that entertainment will be \$3, but people traveling from out of state will only be charged \$1. It is going to be a long event, so I am encouraging everyone to bring camping gear, food, etc.; however, I am going to set up at least one kitchen, and I have some places already set up to let out of town bands crash. We are going to build a good size stage, and we will have a big a P.A. as we can get.

Well, I don't know how much

you can help with all this, but I need to get the word out. Tell everyone and anyone that Springfield, MO is going to be a fucked up scene on June 4th, and all are invited.

I am enclosing a flyer and a map; feel free to make copies and redistribute. I am doing this for you, me, and whomever believes in real shit going on in America's Heartland.

If you have any questions call, write, or something.
THANKX,
Mitch Potts,
1324 W. Walnut
Springfield, MO
65806
(417) 869-1674

Your initiative and motivation is inspiring. Match, I only wish that you would have sent us this letter a month ago. As well, you forgot to include the flyer and map so we've taken the liberty of hiring an artist to draw a composite sketch of how we think it's best to get to your place. Good luck!

Hole

ERIC ERLANDSON (guitar), COURTNEY LOVE (vocals/guitars), KRISTEN M. PFAFF (bass), PATTY SICHEMEL (drums)

Live Through This

featuring

♥ "MISS WORLD" ♥

♥ "VIOLET" ♥

♥ "DOLL PARTS" ♥

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Nanaimo
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425 Leon Ave.



This month you're not getting off so easy because MCA has been kind enough (yet again) to donate TEN copies of Sonic Youth's new Geffen Records release, *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star...on VINYL!!* That's right, just when you thought it was safe to sit back-baked and sweaty (excuse me, ladies) on the seats of your Valiant *Discorder* throws a skill-testing question at you. Write the correct answer to the following multiple-choice question, in its entirety, on a postcard and mail to:

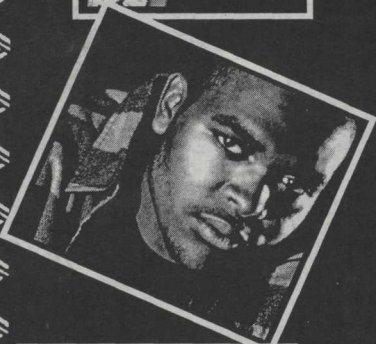
Sonic Not-Very Youthful
c/o *Discorder* Magazine
rm #233-6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 1Z1

c) they still put out vinyl;
d) "Fuck you, man, Sonic Youth sucks!";
e) given the inherent instability of modern alternative music marketing in a society which relies heavily on test market data, wherein said band, Sonic Youth, fall outside of the post-punk demographic infrastructure, the designation of Sonic Youth as "punk" erroneously implies that, as a band, they neglect to subscribe to the credo of capital generating artistic creation and all of the rhetoric associated with a predominantly white, anglo-saxon, bourgeoisie philosophy.

Dear Discorder,

Tom Bagley's portrayal of a mid-night feeding of a child on your May issue is very disturbing to me. In an age of increasing child abuse and

UNDER THE VOLCANO Festival Presents:
INTER-NATION-ALL HIP HOP FESTIVAL
FRIDAY, JUNE 24



DIRECT FROM LOS ANGELES:
***SOULS OF MISCHIEF
& CASUAL***

FROM PORTLAND:
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FROM VANCOUVER:
***CUB
SPARKMARKER
JEET KEI
KELLY WHITE***

FROM SAN DIEGO:
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KITCHEN, ARTISTS, SPEAKERS & MORE.

Tickets the low price of \$7 (advance)

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Community Box Offices (CBO) 280-2801. Tickets

also available at: Track, Scratch,

Higliffe, Zulu, Odyssey Imports.

Festival site is 23rd & Lonsdale, North Van. Shuttle bus up
Lonsdale from Seabus, 15 minutes from downtown

Vancouver by car

(corner of Hwy #1 & Lonsdale)

Gates Open 4pm with DJs, First Band 5pm

All proceeds benefit PowerSmart Sport &
Culture Tour Legacy Fund.

Call to volunteer and receive a t-shirt, food and pass.

Info: 988-2787



Life with the Family Enndye

Mrs. Bea Feinstein's head jerks forward and back and she wakes to a feeling that something has been left undone—quite the contrary. It is late Sunday afternoon and she is bound firmly to a bedroom chair. A slight frown appears as she skids her chair over the polished floor and, with the skill of long practice, presses her chin between door knob and door jam until the knob moves and the door swings out. She noisily jars and drags past the little study, the loo, the stairwell. Here she looks down: "Morris." No answer. Back to the bedroom, where she comes about and drops anchor before her dressing table, her cheeks warm with the effort of the voyage. My hair is still lovely, she thinks. I'm

not so very old, she thinks.

The two girls, Bea Enndye and Muriel Feinstein, were in the grip of feverish imaginary terror. They launched themselves on the cold buggy down the bumpy garden slope so wet and green. But, no, it was dry as dust and flat as hell for they were in the wildest of weats, stage-coaching like mad away from the ghostliest mob of indians and eskimos ever—no time to lose! They fetched up hard against the hedge and spilled out onto the hard, unforgiving prairie sod. That very hedge then exploded with boys loosing off rounds of rifle-fire from their arrows and bows; a very curious thing but not impossible for a feathered eskimo, hideous with war-paint. Morris Feinstein strolled before the

captive pioneer white women, considering their fate. He was a tall, thin boy with sharp black hair and sharper gray eyes, intent and amused. His nose was rather arrogant; so was his manner. He directed the tying of his sister Muriel to a prickly-barked tree. He fastened Bea Enndye to a deckchair himself, using his jacket and a jump-rope. Sean O'Neill, from up the lane, sat cumpstically straightened her dress and pinafore. "T a , Sean."

"S'alright, miss." High-pitched screaming, tortures, war-dances, bonfires and charades preceded the draining rescue by cowboys who bore a remarkable likeness to the savages who'd fled into the foothills. Morris released Bea. Two days later he was tripping her in the high-street, pushing past with friends, calling out things. "Once he demanded her hand. She quickly handed it to Emma, a gift. Morris broke off the top half of the biscuit leaving the rest in Em's hand. On the Sunday Bea took a little pair of scissors with her to church. Under the protection of its restraining she cut off a piece of Morris' sleeve and put it into her pocket. Exhausted, she fell asleep in church."

Morris ran down the torn, cobble road looking for a good doorway. The noise was amazing. Shrieks and convulsions of air and sound pushed him, his boots tipping on the rubble from previous air-raids. His uniform clung wet to him. It was vital and tense and so was he, oh yes. He nipped into an archway where, once he'd secured the arrangement. She was so completely unsurprised but not at all calm to see him again. Morris put his back to the entrance. Stung by showers of dirt and stone from the pandemonium in the street he began to tell her in no uncertain terms exactly what he would have preferred to do to her, with her, even at the age of twelve in his garden. He used army words and phrases—not pretty but to the point. Neither of them heard the all-clear. At some point in the cold evening they stepped out into a hum of silence made together in less time than it takes to peel an apple.

Bea clears her throat and shifts her stiffened spine as she hears Morris come up the stairs. He stands shocked in the doorway. The Observer, dangling from his bony hand: "Oh Lord, I'm so sorry, Bea. I found myself going to the news agents. Wasn't that...?"

"It's all right. Did you get the tea made?"

"No, was I meant to?" "Never mind, love, let's go together," Morris releases Bea. She pushes her chair to the dressing table and goes downstairs to make the tea with Morris close behind, as if he might lose her in a crowd. He hooks one finger through a loop in her dressing gown until they reach the little kitchen. Through the window the garden is lost in rain.



AT A FAVORITE WATERING HOLE, WE FIND ADOLPH, SHINY, AND GURGIS BASKING IN THE GLOW OF THEIR SUCCESS...



QUICK CUT TO THE MALIBU HOME OF FAST-FADING CARTOON STAR HAPPY LI'L FETUS... EVEN AT THE PEAK OF MY POPULARITY, NOBODY EVER TELEVISED MY EVERY LITTLE MOVE, THESE THREE MAKE ME NAUSEOUS!



A KNOCK AT MY DOOR! I'LL BET THAT'S MY AGENT WITH SOME WORK LINED UP!



TO THE EMBRYONIC CHARACTER'S DISMAY, IT IS NOT OPPORTUNITY WHO KNOCKS! INSTEAD HE FINDS...



AND INSIDE, TROUBLE CONGREGATES DEEP INTO THE NIGHT...

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WILL DESTROY THOSE CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS ONCE AND FOR ALL. AND AFTER THAT...



...SATURDAY MORNIN' WILL BE OURS!



MUSIC WEST

HANGIN' OUT AND SOAKIN' UP THE TUNES



Music West is Vancouver's annual "International Music Conference, Exhibition and Festival" featuring over 200 performances at venues around town, with a seminar-style music conference and information sessions during the day. Glancing over the band line-up/roster, it becomes apparent that the corporate masterminds running the show seem to care more about the mystique and luminescence of potentially uncovering the Next Big Thing (read Meik and Bryan Adams), rather than the quality of the bands. I marvel in the fact that more indie bands worth time and exposure through a medium such as this highly publicized event fail to play (through a dodgy selection process, or by choice) when other crap rockers proliferate the festival weekend. This is very sad. There is a thriving music scene in Canada, and it is surely not accurately represented by the bands at this festival. Fortunately, a handful of decent Canadian acts did perform and I tried to catch as many as I could. Perhaps next year more decent indie bands will push for exposure in the midst of all the corporate cheese, or maybe none will play at all.

My Friday night experience began with **Thrush Hermit**, a Halifax group which has been quite active back east with recordings on the independent Cinnamon Toast label (*Ammo 7*) and now a 7-song release on the Sloan-owned Murdereords



FORBIDDEN DIMENSION PHOTO BY SCAR RAGGETT

label. Their set got off to a slow start, but the Hermit laid down some seriously tasty pop hooks with some thick molasses-pop vocals from front man Joel Plaskett. Joel's voice is rash and cutting and gives Thrush Hermit a unique quality which stands above all other recent Canadian pop artists. As a venue, The Max provided a less than ideal ambience for these east coast slackers—more suited to a stand-up rock 'n' roll style venue—but the foursome provided a well blended mixture of underhanded vocal melodies and noisy guitars in their set, entertaining us.

My next stop was the Blues Pub for another heavily Sloan influenced quartet, Newfoundland's **Hardship Post**. Their recordings to date consist of a few single releases as well as the *Hack EP* on Murdereords, all of which are reminiscent of sounds from south of the border. Tonight was their first to prove that they could move away from a sound which has been done a killion times already but, unfortunately, Hardship Post fell short of the eastern hype and was as plastic as my sister's Barbie™ collection. Stiff. Stale. Stinky. A friend visiting from the east coast agreed, adding that Hardship Post pack the halls back home and usually give and take much more energy than they did at this evening's rather average performance.

Leaving the Blues Pub, I wandered down the street to Hockey Night at the Commodore where the **Wheat Chiefs** were about to take the

stage. Featuring three members of SNFU, the Chiefs sound comes from the same power-punk vein as that band, but less powerful or together. Check out the Wheat Chiefs' song "Joe Murphy" on *Wrong Records* new *Pack Rock Vol. 1* re-release, featuring bands such as the Smugglers, SNFU, Bombshells, Cub (with DOA frontman Joey Shithhead), Tankhox, and the next band of the evening, Calgary's instrumental surf punks **Huevos Rancheros**. This was the third time I have witnessed the Huevos live in the past two months; their past shows were lacking in both energy and the grooves found on *Endsville*, their latest Cargo release, but, fortunately, their Commodore performance was definitely more upbeat, kicking that Link Wray vibes from the first note. The combination of the Commodore's large stage and exposure to the punk rockers that Huevos were sandwiched between seemed to add zest to an already happy, hardcore show.

Next, after a brisk walk through Gastown to the Lux Theatre, my ears were bombarded with the sounds of **Fifth Column**, a ragin' 'n' grit band from Toronto. Tonight was StoneWall W A Riot, the 25th Anniversary of Gay and



THE HANSON BROTHERS

PHOTO BY PAUL CLARKE

Lesbian Civil Rights and a night of celebration. Fifth Column lived up to the mood of the evening and moved a good many people to dance directly in front of the stage; the audience only shyed away when lead singer Caroline Azar took her raucous vocal attack to the catwalk. As the set progressed, the huge walls of the Lux and the waning enthusiasm of the audience began to affect events onstage and I lost interest in the band for a few songs. But then they played their latest single, "All Women Are Bitches," and gave the audience another taste of the raunchy energy the set began with.

Back at Hockey Night at the Commodore, a flurry of NHL hockey jerseys and nerdy glasses pushed and slammed together in a confusing circle of energy, pounding the club's spring loaded floor. Onstage, a guy in a backwards baseball hat, broken and taped over glasses and scuffed hi-top sneakers screamed over backslapping drums and hallooing guitar. There was a gothic in the house, Mr. Hanson himself, with the lyric "dumb" painted across the forehead section of the hockey mask he was wearing. There was even a uniformed referee backstage to keep things in order, and a roadie supplying oodles of *Slaphop*-style glasses to keep the team players looking sharp. This was a Hanson Brothers show, as Canadian as they come. The Hansons gave a consistently energetic, kickass-punk-rawk, hawkie-saturated performance, prompting cheers of approval from the near-capacity crowd. Fortunately, you can capture some of this energy yourself on the aforementioned Hansons' compilation, *Pack Rock Vol. 1*. Powerful, deafening, and 100% Canadian, the Hansons may be the best punk yet.

Scar Raggett



MUSIC WASTE

A WAKE-UP CALL TO THE NAÏVE

THE SHOW

It's the night of your show. You've practiced all week long, you are ready, you will perform the best you've ever performed. You get on stage, turn on your guitar, and you rock.

REALITY

On stage you realize that you're playing to your friends who came early just to catch your show; you're really happy that they came but where's that A&R rep from Rockstar Records? Where are all those industry types that were almost promised to you? They didn't show. Most industry types are either finishing dinner while you play, resting from a long day of panel discussions, or off watching a band that they've already signed to their label. If the flight didn't tire them out, then schmoozing with the other industry types did. And besides, your bio/write-up just didn't compare with all the hype on that newly signed band from Toronto. These industry types are people after all; they can't watch everyone, and hell, they're just here to collect more frequent flier miles anyhow. They'll go see the bands that their boss wanted them to see (i.e. that band from Toronto that just got signed).

Before you even finish your set you are hurried off the stage because time has been out short. You leave the stage feeling a bit swindled but you refuse to believe that you lost your chance. Someone whispers in your ear that last year the local bands got paid \$100 and a free wristband. It turns out that you got \$100 or a free wristband. You choose the wristband—at least you'll be able to get into the shows for free and besides, you might bump into some industry person.

THE OTHER SHOW

Checking your MusicWest guide to see where that "buzz band" from Toronto is, you find that it's just down the street from where you are. And as you keep reading you see that this band is playing two more shows and that they've been given prime billing on every show. That's weird, how come they get to play three shows? They've already been signed and you would think that in an event that is supposed to expose new talent those three shows would showcase bands that have yet to be signed. Then your friend informs you that a band had to cancel a show and guess who got to

substitute for them? You guessed it right, the "buzz band" from Toronto. Is this fair?

You decide to go and check them out. When you arrive the band is just coming on and the place is packed. But hey, this isn't a local band and all of these people aren't their friends. So why are all these industry people here to see a band that is already signed? You watch and you listen, but all you see and hear is just another and rip-off of the current music trend. They look right, they sound right, but the whole thing just doesn't feel right.

O.K., maybe that was a bit melodramatic, but it's true. Local bands are usually given little consideration when it comes to booking these shows. They are told that all local bands get equal pay (\$100 or wristbands—last year it was both), yet some "bigger" named local bands were paid more than \$100—why? Many of the bands that headlined were already signed to major labels and some even got multiple billings; it seems that if you know the right people or have the right booking agent you got treated a lot better than most. Now, I'm not completely naive, and as far as I'm concerned this would all be fine and dandy if it wasn't for the fact that MusicWest was touting itself as a spotlight for new and unsigned acts. Local bands play MusicWest thinking that it could be their big break but they are quickly let down. The organizers leave the event paying each other on the backs while the bands who came in with nothing leave with nothing but the illusion that it was money and time well spent. For some reason it just doesn't seem right.

As luck will have it, I just heard of another music festival happening in Olympia, Washington July 12 - 16th. It's called the Yo-Yo-A-Go-Go Festival, and it features tons of bands, including the Softies, Built To Spill, Antioch Arrow, Codeine, Fagbath, Tattle Tale, Girl Trouble, Karp, Lois, Mecca Normal, Crayon, the Spinanes, Lynx, Unwound, Kicking Giant, Beck, Cub and many, many more. It's sponsored by a local recording studio and label and is completely independent (I think). Tickets for the 5 day festival are \$40 (US funds) and you can call their info line at (206) 352-2597. It will be interesting to see how it goes as compared to MusicWest. Could it be better or worse? It's funny, I have good feelings about this one already, and I don't know why.

P.S. - I wasn't going to use a pen name, but I was advised by Super-conductor that it might be a better career move if I did. They were kidding, right?

Brad Snottier

Why does it take the big business of the music industry to bring so many good independent bands together? Is it the lure of the oh-so-tempting major record deal, or is it just the organizational skills and resources of big business? Or do we really need the sponsorship of mainstream newspapers and Swiss watch companies to bring musicians together? These were the kind of questions that were racing through my head as a slew of great bands that I might not have otherwise had a chance to see played at the MusicWest Festival. Everyone seemed to have a different reason for coming to or participating in this event, and most thought it was obvious that local musician types would want to join in on the festivities. So why am I so critical? I like music—all kinds of music—so I should have enjoyed it, but something just didn't fit right with me and I have trouble pin-pointing the problem. Most of the people I talked to agree that corporate sponsorship and organization aren't necessary to bring bands together, but also acknowledged that the financial support was helpful. But the question remains: who exactly is being helped?

THE DREAM

Just for fun, let's pretend that you are a member of a hardworking local act that's played around for the last year or two. Let's pretend you are the guitar player, and there isn't anything else in this world that you would rather do than play guitar for the rest of your life. So, hoping to kick start your career, you and the other members of your band decide to enter the MusicWest Showcase—and you get picked. You will have a write-up about your band in their info-guide as well as a listing of where and when you're going to be playing. You've read all the hype on this event and you know about all the music industry types who will be there. This is the event that everyone will be watching.

MUSIC WASTED

SLAMMIN' BACK THE FREE HOOTCH

Over the four days of MusicWest I saw an assortment of shows splattered all over town, so I'm basically gonna start at the beginning and tell you what I saw.

On Thursday night at the Railway Club I got to use my all-access wrist band for the first time to see Ford Pier and the Wallets—an all-star line-up featuring Eric G. Goner and present Tankhogger Ford Pier on guitar, backed by an ex-Roots Roundup guy on bass and an ex-Sarcastic Mannequin on drums. Unfortunately, MusicWest felt the need to bring a larger PA into the tiny Railway, which did nothing but mar the sound in the usually cozy and sound-friendly front room. The bass fed back annoyingly for the greater part of the show, almost eclipsing Ford's quirky, rockin' pop songs. After the set I retired to the far corner of the back room for some hefty drinking before the last bus, successfully missing the final acts Nowhere Blossoms and The Touch and Go's.

Friday night meant hockey action for this wrist-band totin' MusicWest non-delegate, and I was in line Flynn to the Commodore for the Hanson Brothers' musical version of Hockey Night in Canada. I arrived too late to see the Wheat Chiefs and Calgary's Huevos Rancheros were already playing their land-locked instrumentals to a rapidly filling house. I was sort of surprised to see that these bartards actually showed up after the Canucks kicked Calgary's collective ass in the first round of the playoffs. But Huevos successfully managed to hide the egg on their faces and played a rockin' set.

I've never been a big fan of Tankhog, who took the stage next, but they managed to pull off their screeching thunder better than I've seen before. Maybe the new addition of keyboardist Ford Pier has whipped them big piggies into shape. Who knows, but they rocked. After a twenty minute intermission during which *Slaphop* played on the Commodore's huge video screens, the mighty Hanson Brothers stormed the stage and blew everyone away with their vicious, no-rules hockey punk. The audience was a mass of 'Flynn to the Commodore' signs sporting the logo "Puck Rock" on the backs of their brand new Hansons' tees. Eventually got tossed out of the bar for being a drunken fool and dancing on the Hansons' merchandise table—my apologies to anyone who was injured during my flight and to the Hansons if I broke any of your stuff.

The next day I headed down to the Vancouver World Trade and Convention Centre to take part in a couple of panels I had the honour

of being invited to (which explains my free wristband and my constant drunkenness: there was free hootch everywhere). After the panels had wrapped up, everyone involved was invited to a VIP "dinner" and boozed up before the night's rockin' and rollin'. Performing acoustically was some Aussie guy from Men At Work who sounded like a bad Phil Collins (which is pretty damn bad!). He stopped playing after about four songs or so 'cuz he was browned out by the near fever pitch of industry shmoozing going on. Meanwhile, I was chowing down on weird bits of chicken and cheese and doing my part to empty as many kegs as possible before being thrown out into the night.

Outside, someone handed me and my partner in crime Keith Pary a couple of invitations to an Italian restaurant in Gastown that was hosting a MusicWest party, so off we went for more free hootch before my eagerly anticipated first witnessing of Change of Heart and Forbidden Dimension at the Hungry Eye. Alas, the free beer flowed so steadily that by the time I looked at my watch it was 12:30 am, half-way through Forbidden Dimension's set! I decided to forget it and instead lightailed it over to Automotive to catch San Francisco's premier gay rockers Pansy Division. I got there early and was able to catch the bizarre techno-karaoke stomp of Japan's GPP. With their hysterically cool synchronized dance moves, they were like a cross between Girl Trouble and a Macintosh computer.

After GPP wrapped up I headed next door to see the terrible Boiled in Lead at The Starfish Room. They were playing some sort of strange mythological-type Tolkienesque crap, and when the drummer started in on a long solo I couldn't resist flicking on the Starfish's spotlight and pointing it at him. Surprise, surprise, I got blown out of yet another bar, just in time to stumble back to Automotive to catch Pansy Division putting smiles on everyone's face with their hilarious power-poppin' queer-core. Ironically, I found their music to be extremely straight at times, lacking power or any sort of punchy edge to speak of. Nonetheless, their charm and positive vibes won over both myself and the crowd—I even pushed my way to the front after the show to buy a t-shirt.

Finally, Sunday rolled around for one more day of rock. I had planned to catch at least a few of the acts at Sham City Jam, but my head ached so much from the past two days that I could barely make it to the shower let alone to the Plaza of Nations. I decided to hold out until night fall, when I bussed down

to the Town Pump to see Calgary's favourite "boy-rockers" Chixdiggitt. This last night proved to be the screwiest of them all.

My plan was to zip downtown, see Chixdiggitt at their 8:00pm slot, and be home in bed by 10:00pm. It turned out that I got home the next day at 7:00am! Here's what happened: Chixdiggitt took the stage right at eight and played a great set of their Ramones-meets-The Wonder Years spread-legged rock 'n' roll. Next up were the amazing White Trash Debutantes. From San Francisco, WTD are an eight member she-male/transvestite punk band made up of four "females" and three "males" who belted out tune after tune of bizarro-rock with all the gusto of a Broadway production (if it starred a bunch of fucked-up punks). Included in their set was a special appearance by "Punk Rock Pat", an elderly woman (she must have been at least 75) who sang "I Want To Party!". We were also "treated" to lots of nudity (male and female) throughout the set, including the attack on the Town Pump soundman when a naked female singer showed her crotch in his face.

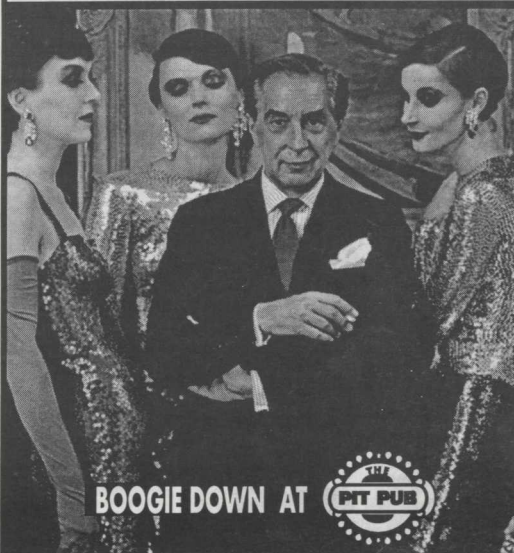
After that incredible set, I was on my way out when I ran into the irrepressible KJ, lead singer of Chixdiggitt. We started talking, and with a little encouragement and free beer, I ended up staying at the Pump to see locals Sex With Nixon (who were surprisingly great) and the incredible Cadillac Tramps, who blew the roof off the joint! I was constantly trying to leave, but there was always another beer or two waiting for me from KJ, and in no time I was dancing on tables again. At least this time I only got kicked off the table and not out of the bar.

I ended up spending the next eight hours with KJ as he led me blindly staggering from booze can to booze can like a drugged puppy, getting so plastered in the process that I not only missed my last bus but kept on partying until I noticed it was daylight. I realized that it was probably time to go home so I bid KJ a shuddered adieu and hopped on my bus. But, to add to my bonhomie, I fell asleep and ended up at Light-house Park! After catching another bus kept in the right direction, my head finally hit my pillow at a pathetic 7:00am.

And so I thank you, MusicWest, for such a wild weekend and for all your warm hospitality. I hope I didn't knaw on the hand that fed too much...hope to see ya'll again next year! —burp

Grant Lawrence

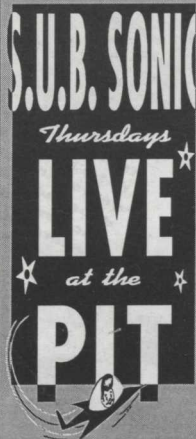
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ILLUSTRATION BY K. REYNOLDS

Boneclub's Anshah brothers, Andrew and Dacey, were through town this spring with a new band line-up, a new album (*Bellow*) and a whole lotta mid-west energy. On the first leg of a tour that would take them clear down to Texas and across the southeast U.S., Andrew and Dacey, both from the original 1989 line-up, bailed Ben and "rockie" drummer David took the time to talk with *Disorder*.

Boneclub has played Vancouver several times. What kind of a response does the band get here?
Andrew: Well, we find that fourteen year-old boys really dig us!
Dacey: The higher we hike our pants, the better the response we get.
Andrew: It's a hormonal thing, actually...a sexual thing. No, to answer seriously, it seems the response is decent. We like playing here!

You're constantly on the road, is that the way you like it?
Dacey: Well, it's absolutely necessary. We've made a lot of friends this way too.

You're going on your fifth tour of Europe. What is touring in Europe like?
Andrew: We play like, two thousand-people festivals in Belgium, which is a big deal to us, and Holland, England and Austria are happening.

You were signed to Inaugural/BMG. What happened?
Andrew: What happened was typical in the sense that the A&R person got left and the band either got dropped or re-signed. So, basically, when we lost our A&R support about seventy percent of the entire staff got fired within a three-week period. That entire staff being our support, we were consequently released. We were terminated.

So the new album, *Bellow*, came out on Rocketsound?
Andrew: Yeah, this is our third album on our independent label, Rocketsound.

Are you happy with the album?
Andrew: Yeah, we're quite happy with it.

Where did you record *Bellow*?
Andrew: We recorded it at Rambo Studios in Canoga Park, California—Dacey—which was leveled by the earthquake.

There were two line-up changes during the recording of *Bellow*. Did that put a strain on you guys?
Dacey: Once we get into the studio, once we're making our thing, we're very focused. You can't be thinking about any of that outside stuff if you're trying to get the tracks right.

Andrew: We had everything pretty much mapped out before Andy Maples, a really good session player, came in to do the drums. He was able to pick up the vibe, take directions super well and play what we wanted, and that's the basis of the record; that's the rhythm tracks are more than competent, y'know. Ben came in a bit late, during the mixing, so it was Pat Kallenmeyer and then a guy named John Pierce, who played on Mick Jagger's records and with Paul Westerberg, on bass. Those guys are so good they make it look like better; they just do it.

Except for three songs on the record, Ben played every one of those songs. He's been in the band for a year now but a year-and-a-half before that he left because of an accident. As it stands, we're currently been defenestrating a bunch of stuff for a new record with this line-up.

When did you join up with Boneclub, David?
David: I joined in November of '93. It's great; it's challenging.

What were you involved in before Boneclub?
David: I played in a number of bands around Minneapolis, including the New Power Generation.

What other bands from Minnesota are happening?
Andrew: Wait. Mike, Guzzard, Superball, 63, Ram Westy Run.
Andrew: Nova Mob.

Is the Minneapolis/St. Paul music scene very supportive?
Andrew: The scene is thriving and the scene is splintered. There are a lot of different groups of music out there: the pop vein, the noise thing, the punk rock/grunge amalgamation and the folk and traditional type of music. In the scene itself there's a lot of distrust, jealousy and hatred but there's also a lot of love and people who genuinely like each other's bands. I guess that would be like any other scene [in the U.S.A.].

Why and when did you start up the Rocket-sound label?
Andrew: I started the Rocket-sound label four-and-a-half years ago. I started with the intent to create a medium in which I could release my friends' bands' and, most importantly, my own music and as a vehicle for good distribution and press. I was successful with everything except for great distribution—distribution is a monster that can't be harnessed. But I started it with the intention to put out good music and I've been successful at it. As the CD can attest, we're kicking butt with Rocket-sound!

So you do other bands as well.
Andrew: Usually discompeachment records but I'm going to be doing the first full-length record of a non-Boneclub band called the Mighty Meds.
Are there advantages to releasing music on

your own label?
Andrew: Yes and no. The advantages are that if you want to get something to someone you make the attempt and you send it out. If you're on a bigger label, or a label that isn't your own, and you want to get an advance copy out to your best friend in Kansas or a record store, it's not as easy as it is to get it through, which is what we do. I think it's great this way. If this is as hard as it's going to get for us, no problem!

Throughout the line-up changes that Boneclub has gone through, Andrew and Dacey, you've remained the constant. Do you share the same musical vision?
Andrew: We may not share the same vision, exactly, but we communicate each other and that's the key. We'll entertain each other's ideas.

Dacey: Through all of the line-up changes, both Andrew and I have been going, "Well, this can still work. We can figure this out!"

Andrew, you write all the lyrics. What's your inspiration?
Andrew: Pretty much personal experiences.

Does the name Boneclub mean anything?
Andrew: Duh, it means penis!
Ben: A club of them.
Andrew: No, just kidding.

What's next for Boneclub?
Andrew: We're gonna tour like mad! We're going down to Texas and then to New Zealand, and then we have some B-sides that we're going to release with some singles from the album. We're gonna keep on truckin', God willing!

Disco-graphy:
Bless This (Rocket-sound, 1991)
Bonafide E.P. (Inaugural/BMG, 1992)
Bellow (Rocket-sound, 1994)



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Disorder: You're on tour with Sepultura right now. When you started in Clutch did you ever imagine anything like this happening?
Nell: By the time we were offered this tour we had already done tours with Magnet Manter, Bad Religion, Voivod and Biohazard. From Bad Religion to Biohazard there's definitely a different crowd. We knew that on this tour we were going to be playing to a metal crowd—not our usual thing—and that we would have a much harder time going over with that crowd. The thing is though, they're big shows and if 200 people like you at that show that's 200 people you wouldn't have played for. When we started out we would play with hardcore bands, and if there was anyone who was even a little different we were like, "Well, we don't want to play with them." Now we'll play with anybody and their brother because there's no reason not to. When we eventually have our own tour I'm hoping that we'll have a pretty diverse crowd. This tour's been killer, we've had a blast, but I would have never imagined doing it.

Clutch is from Washington, D.C. I see Washington as being very Dischord-dominated. Clutch definitely doesn't fall within that circle, things so have you looked upon in the Washington, D.C. scene?
 I don't really know how people perceive us. I think some of the hardcore fans might think we're sell outs because we're on tour with Sepultura—we knew that was going to happen. They love us just as long as we're local, but I think they feel something special to them is taken away if we play somewhere else for a different crowd. Everything's been under the shadow of Dischord since 1982 but there's a lot more to D.C. than Dischord. There's an indie-pop scene and a metal scene. We've always been considered one of the hardcore bands that isn't associated with Dischord. There's a kind of person in Washington we call a Dischord. You can go to a show and tell by the way they dress and what they're doing that they listen to Beefheart all of the time, which is fine. Dischord is still there; it's still the same way but as far as Washington's actual hardcore scene goes it's gotten kind of lame. The whole skinned gang thing took over Washington just like it did New York and Philadelphia. It just got really violent and people stopped going to shows. Then, of course, the bands didn't have show to play and things just died out.

Did Clutch receive a lot of flak from the D.C. kids for signing with

EastWest records?
 We received some but most of the shit we received was from people in other bands, or people who used to be in other bands now perpetually working at Tower Records. We still talk to those kids, we don't have egos that we know of, but sometimes the quantity of people [at a gig] is hard to deal with. Our first shows were like 10 people, maybe 50 on a good

night, and now we can put 700 people we don't know in the 9:30 Club. We still see people that came to our very first show, they're still there. Everyone wants to let us know that they're still there.

What sort of numbers are you playing to on a typical night this tour?
 It's usually over 1000—the biggest show was in Montreal: 3500—anywhere between 1000 and 3000 people. We don't get nervous, we just get really bored before these shows. It's fun to see that many people, on those faces, but you can't pick out individuals and you've got a barricade and security guards, that's really no fun for us. It's cool but the intimacy is lost. When you're in a small club you can pick out people's reactions. Out of 3000 people though, if 100 people like us as 20 would like to our next show. We're doing this tour with that reasoning behind it so we can eventually tour ourselves. If and when we headline our own tour we'll do our best to keep things as close as possible. We play better that way. If the crowd is 8 feet away we can't get into it.

One thing I've noticed about Clutch's lyrical content is that almost every song seems to be made up of pop-culture references.
 I, like millions and millions of other American and Canadian kids—adults now—know these catch phrases and melodies. It's come to me in a rhythm. I never really did it on purpose. It may sound silly at first but when you put [pop-culture references] into a different context you can change their entire meaning and people instantly know what you're talking about; they're seen the exact same commercials or they know that when I make a reference to the "favour country" I'm talking about Marlboro cigarettes. Some people have said it's sort of a Jello Biafra thing, which I'm not criticizing at all, but there are enough bands that preach and let you know what they think—we all think differently. That's all very well and nice

but we don't have the energy to do that. I'd just rather poke fun at [pop-culture] than lecture [about it]. When we put on a show we want to entertain people more than we want to liberate them. I'd rather have them smiling than scowling because we're being so oppressive with whatever message we have; so we don't have one!

Will these pop culture references be a mixing theme in the future?
 I don't think they'll be as commercial but I think they'll be a little more diverse. Have you heard of a rap band called New Kingdom? They just came out with a new CD and their lyrics have so much of that shit in it that at the bottom of each song, under the lyrics, they've had to put this list of trademarks: Pepsi™, Pepsi Co; Cadillac™, General Motors. I don't think we'll go that far but it's hard to say. I don't think the next album will be as serious. We'll just have to wait and see.

Passive Restraints seems, perhaps, more focused: it's very direct and in your face. Did you consciously do the album [*Transatlantic Speedway*].
 Lounge, Anthems, Anecdotes and Undeniable Truths) differently from *Passive Restraints*?
 It happened that way because Earache asked us to record and send them the master within 3 days for our E.P. We went and did it in a day at a friend's house, on a 16 track, and then [curried] it to England—that was it; we didn't have time to make things sound different. With *Passive Restraints* we went into a studio with all of these toys. We had never really been into a studio before; and this was a studio with a big console and assistants! The only places we had been were friends' houses, sitting around drinking and smoking. We knew what we were doing as far as playing goes but mixing just went right over our heads. I think we allowed the producer to get a little too technical and play with the effects too much. We know what we're doing now; we know exactly what we want the next album is not going to sound like the E.P. but it won't be as fancy as the album, either. The more I listen to *Passive Restraints* the more I dislike it because of the production. Not that I think it's bad but I'm constantly criticizing. "Why is all this reverb here?" It's too much of a good thing.

Passive Restraints more representative of how Clutch comes across live?
 The major complaint by most people in D.C. is that the E.P.

and 7" really sound like us live and the album doesn't. I honestly think that's because the E.P. and 7" sound like shit out of a production standpoint: technically, they're really raw, which some people like—I like it! That's how we sound live because it's just guitar, bass, vocals, drums. When we play live we don't use reverb or panning effects. I think that's why people thought the album didn't really represent us live—another thing we'll do on the next album is play together and track everything at the same time. On the last album we did everything separately, which is the dumbest thing. We're not real musicians: we have to look at each other to know when to play louder or softer. And we're not going to use a click track. The producer put on a click track and having to play to that sucks! I'd rather have the tempo go up or down 15 beats per minute by the end of the song than play to a click track ever again. It sounds sterile. Songs should get faster and slower.

Did you put your first 7" single



out by yourselves and is it available any longer?
 It's next to impossible to find: the first pressing was 500, then [we pressed] 500 and



another 250 after that. We mixed those 4 songs knowing that it would be a 7" and it sounds good as a 7". When you hear [those songs] on CD they don't really fit; on CD they "pop" like a 7". We've been talking about putting it out on vinyl again and Dave Riley of

Fudge Tunnel—we shared a bus with them on the beginning of this tour—mentioned putting it out on a label he's starting. I don't know for a fact that he will put it out but we own the material and there's no reason not to. We don't have the money to do it ourselves so we'll just have to wait.

Coincidentally, there are a lot of people that actually like the songs from your 7" better than any of your other recordings. A lot of people, especially back home, will come up to us



PHOTO'S BY ERIC

thinking it's a compliment to say, "the fuckin' 7" is the best thing you've ever done." Well, what about the other 15 songs we did after that? If I listen to something by another band for the first time and I'm really into it anything after that, 9 times out of 10, just isn't the same. It's like meeting somebody for the first time. People that hear our album first and then hear the 7" are like, "what the fuck?". They don't like



the 7" because they got used to the album.

How did you look up with Earache and why did you have to have the *Passive Restraints* E.P. ready in three days? That's a story in itself.

Earache is a story itself. Earache is probably one of the worst labels ever put together. Jim Welch from Earache America is a great guy, we got along with him fine, but Digby Pearson, who owns Earache, likes to make life difficult for bands. Fudge Tunnel is on Earache and when

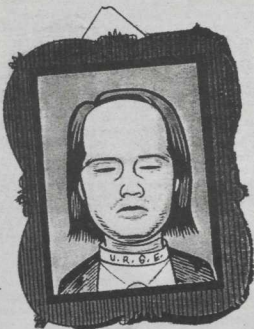
they were on tour with us we would sit down every other day and listen to what news from Nottingham would come over. You would not believe the crap that they've gone through. To watch Fudge Tunnel sweat and fall off every night and then just get fucked over for monetary purposes... Sleep is going through the same thing. I'm not going to tell you the contents of their record contract but, believe me, it's fucking ridiculous.

I think a lot of kids stereotype major labels as being the sleaze bags, and there are plenty of sleaze bag major labels out there, but if a label is going to fuck you over it could just as easily be an indie. There are plenty of indie labels that just destroy bands. Earache, unfortunately, is one of them. I think they succeeded in destroying a couple of bands—bands simply broke up because being on that label sucked so bad. That's really depressing. We agreed to do the E.P. with Earache but I think our lucky stars were

didn't sign with them. We wanted to be with it was cool and EastWest was a "major label" but we wouldn't be here now [if we had]. I wouldn't be speaking to you if we hadn't have signed to EastWest because we wouldn't be able to get tour support—the distribution just wouldn't have been there.

It's not a matter of wanting to get big so much as it's just wanting people to get to hear your music. There's nothing wrong with that at all—the more the merrier—however, there is a point where that can become superficial. Let's just say that if a year from now we're playing to 10,000 people and then 5 years from now we're playing to 300 again it would have been worth it. Every band has its ups and downs, we're just on a plateau right now.

Since Clutch is on the road so much, how do you keep something that enter the band's vocabulary?
 We don't have jobs because we can't. We need jobs. We live at home with our parents, which is the only reason that we're able to do what we do, because we don't have to pay rent. We haven't made money on a tour before and this will be the first which we've ever broken even on. We've had to borrow money from our label to eat, rent a van, buy equipment and pay our 2 roadies and when you're on the road for 8 weeks that's a lot of money. We've got to pay the label back through our royalties and we're not going to see royalties from our record until we, literally, sell 480,000 more copies! That's when we'll break even. I know there are plenty of other bands that are 10 times worse off than we are so we're not taking this for granted in the least.



Fear not, dear readers, I have no intention of subjecting you to more of my psychotic, gropic inspired nonsense. Rather, I will be presenting you with a brief update on the recent activities of the alternative rock darlings Vancouver loves to hate. Only a few months since my last interview, U2's Overkill are nearing the pinnacle of superstardom with nary a hair out of place and not a drop of liquor spilled. Now they toast in a swanky bus and gaggles of fans wait for them after the show, hoping for a glimpse or an autograph. "Sister Havana" is being used in a TV commercial and Nash makes a cameo appearance in *Wayne's World 2*. Perhaps the best part of all this is that their live show is more exciting than ever. The big stage and screaming girls suit them just fine;

they are SUPER ROCK, a phenomena that cannot be described but only experienced. One is confident U2's Overkill will endure and grow larger, longer after the show.

An hour and a half late for my appointed interview with the band at Seattle's Moore Theatre, I was de-

sort of like drunk, he was just like weird, he was making me uneasy and he tried to prevent Blackie from going into his room, like physically. I think Blackie hit him and this guy sort of batted his head into Blackie's and broke his rib and his wrist.

He had his rib broken that night? He didn't find that out in Vancouver though...
No, it was serious... (Yawn)... that's all I saw. The guy was just really weird and like not making any sense... not wanting us back there. I mean, he [the cook] didn't even know what was going on, you know, probably hadn't talked to the promoter or anything. And Blackie didn't say anything, just.

Hmmmm... Did you do the rest of the tour?
Yeah, amazingly enough, a broken rib and a broken wrist. All of sudden we had to play a bunch of songs slower, that's all.

What were you like when you first began? What kind of music were you doing?

I guess it was... we wanted to do something different. We thought we were doing something very unusual (for the time). And it was... it was really like noisy. It was like... it was like grunge but there was no grunge. If you listen to our first single it's like, you know, sort of like us and Dinosaur were doing it... touch and go. The first single was "Wichita Lineman" and that was a bizarre thing to do... cover a Jimmy Webb song made popular by Glen Campbell. The idea wasn't that 'oh-in'this-cocky' or 'in'this-funny', it's like 'yeah check it out! This is music, this is brilliant songwriting.' This is sorta what we wanted to bring to

punk rock.

Jimmy Webb wrote a lot of great songs
Yeah, that's for sure. We've become friends. He's come to the bank and parted with us and stuff. He wanted us to get on stage with him.

Where does he live?
He lives in New York but he tours and he plays, just him and a piano. It's cool. When you hear him play and sing you feel pretty small. We might collaborate. For sure on the next record we're going to do something.

Now I'm really impressed, that's great.
That's cool, that you'd be impressed by that.

Did you hit the rap charts in the U.S.?
Well, no. Our producers were noted hip-hop producers. They did Cypress Hill and sadly enough they did Kris Kross. But they're rich now, so nobody's complaining.

Rich now from you?
No, from Kris Kross. They're definitely not rich from us.

Did *Saturation* do as well as you thought it would?
Record companies always have secret hopes that they're going to sell a lot of copies. They didn't tell us this cause they didn't want... they thought it would be pretty big and it is relatively big. It's not like... I mean, we don't have a gold record or anything, but it's doing really really well. Who else have we been interviewing?

Well actually, U2 is the first band I've interviewed.
Really? You're doing really good.

Why thank you. Did National get a penis plaster cast?
Not yet. I don't know if it'll ever happen, but she did offer.

Japan is the farthest you've traveled?
I think Australia might be farther.
Do you think your life is different?

How have you changed going from playing clubs to...
Well, I guess we're better at playing our stuff than we've ever been. Some things people walk up to us and want our autographs. It's satisfying at any venue large or small when people come up and say "I think you guys are really cool," you know, "Your music speaks to me." We've all been so involved in music, we've been around. We've been around enough people that are huge rock stars, it's no big deal.

Aside from Jimmy Webb and Neil Diamond...
(Nicholas Cage is in the band) And we have met Queen. Tanya's [U2's] using "Gillies & Piffman" song in his next film. I've met Naomi Campbell, except she thought I was Eddie Vedder.

What was she like?
VERY nice. I didn't know she was a supermodel until the guys at the other table were like, "Did you know you were just talking to Naomi Campbell?"

Are you the wild and crazy band boys you're made out to be? It looks pretty clean in here.
We like to have a good time, [but] we're not gross. We're not mental or anything. I mean, I'd like to think we're all perfect gentlemen who enjoy having a good time. Now this is for you... you're going to put something out, for yourself?

No, I write for *Disorder Magazine* in Vancouver.
DISORDER! I know them! Why did they pick you to do this? Did you volunteer?

Umm... What's your favorite place in Canada?
Well, I really have a problem.

Oh?
I don't pick favorite things. TO's fantastic... Montreal's fantastic... Vancouver is really good. Those are my favorite cities for sure.

Do you have a car?
Yeah. It's like an urban assault vehicle. It's a ghetto car, it's beat up. Blackie has a '63 Valiant, it's really cool. Nash,

has a '73 Cougar convertible. You can't drive a nice car that much in Chicago.

Do you have any superstitions or rituals you do before you play?
There is an Urge ritual, but I'm not at liberty... it's top secret.

When you're finished this what are you going to do?
I'm going to sit on my back porch for a week.

No, I mean when U2 breaks up or ends...
I hope to be able to do some travelling in a way that I can see things. I made it through. I'm a really educated person.

Did you go to art school before this?
Yeah, I went to regular school. I made it through. I'm a really educated person.

Tell me a bit about you're fan club? The magazine for that is called *DisFonic*. You get a single with it. You know it's for those very special people who want the available-nowhere-else Urge package. (At this point Tony comes on the bus.) Tony: I'm sorry.
King: This is Tony, our new bass player. Tony: And you are?

I'm Kimberly. What did you do before you played bass for U2?
Tony: Well I was in the priesthood for about six years [he actually played on Liz Phair's *Exile in Guyville*] and then I. I don't know, I'm just a dreamer.

On tour since they were last in Vancouver, U2 are headed back to Chicago for a summer of rest and relaxation before they record their next album for Geffen. Maybe he got me mixed up with Courtney Love, but when I hear Blackie that evening he told me he heard through the grapevine that I, Kimberly J. Rowan, had had a baby! No guff. He also highly recommends Combustible Edison's new album on Sub Pop, entitled *I, Swinger* and available at your local record store. Until next time, I bid you a humble adieu.

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smart bet: the case with the Vancouver-based duo Mecca Normal, Kingston, Ontario's The Inbreds will know the economic and artistic benefits of recording, self-promoting and touring as a stripped down rock band. In a field in which the age of the artists roughly parallels that of the audience, The Inbreds understand the long-oldest adage: "anybody can do it" (or "we're just like you," "you're brilliantly unique to maintain their own standards and aesthetic. In other words, The Inbreds seem content in developing themselves, gradually, over a series of consistent releases, ventures etc.

The Inbreds is comprised of Dave Ulrich on Drums and Mike O'Neill on bass guitar. Over the course of their estimated 24 months span they've put out 3 cassette releases on Dave's P.F. label as well as, recently, a compact disc entitled *Hilario*. In speaking with Dave from his New England-style bungalow in Kingston one is immediately impressed by his knowledge of recording, pressing and distributing music and, amongst other things, both the folklore and geography of the region. The following captures some of both, as well as Dave at a moment when most folks are arranging lunch plans.

Discarder: Dave, are you and Mike keeping busy? **Dave:** Yeah, it's pretty busy right now. We're supposed to be leaving for Toronto soon to play a show at a nice club downtown called Ultra-sound.

And how many people can you expect at that show?
On a Tuesday, maybe 100-150.

That's not bad for a Tuesday. Anyway, what about your more recent plans?
Well, we've got to do some video editing for a song called "Noah's Cage," all before we go on tour with the Rheostatics on June 6th. In fact, we did the video for free one day with some guys from Toronto who were friends of the Rheostatics.

So, once the editing is done we're free.

And then you'll send out to MuchMusic? Do you think being near MuchMusic is a good thing?
We can bug them and they'll play it but, really, it seems that they just receive stuff and decide if it's good or not and if it's what they want. But there are some other public access, community type shows that take [indy videos] and play 'em.

What's their angle?
They do reviews, spotlights, features and interviews of mostly indie stuff: basically, all home 8mm quality stuff. They like things like Eric's Trip and Nardwuar.

Could one call it lo-tech stuff?
Yes. Stuff like the one for the song "Prince" (An early Inbred video project likened to Gunther Grass's "Cat and Mouse" because of its quarry imagery). Our new video has some Super8 footage plus some higher quality video camera stuff but no 16mm quality stuff, so some people won't play it.

If it's like the last video it sounds like those people are missing out. Anyway, are there any hassles that come with being out east?
Not at our level. Getting signed to a small Canadian label might be considered a hassle because we've done a lot of work and to turn things over to someone else would probably mess things up, or they'd become disinterested with us. For us, a group comprised of a bass player and drummer, we're gonna end up as a circus side show, a wacky, Canadian oddity band, on a small label. So we figure that if we're going to screw up we'll do it ourselves.

What is "Noah's Cage" about?
That's a fiction story Mike made up about a monkey in a zoo and a kid. The monkey, behind bars, is taunted by the kid, gets rowdy and snatches a bag of peanuts from the kid. A big fuss is made and they have to put the creature down [they shot Judy from behind]. That's what it's about on the surface level. If you want to make out what it says about humanity in

general you can—you know, the whole symbolism of the bars and cage, and the kid and the ape. Anyway, it's just a 3 minute song—a vignette.

You know, I really think that Mike sounds like the vocalist from Refrigerator. The drummer of that band is sometimes the singer and the singer is sometimes the drummer. As a drummer do you talk to Mike about the vocals?
I make small suggestions about words to fit the feel but Mike is really good at it: he has all the ideas and stories to fit into a song. He sings about stuff that has affected him. For example, on a new song about Emilia Airheart he's really identified with the fascination of a person just disappearing.

Part of the mythology of contemporary existence, that sort of stuff?
Mike's not really into myths but he leans towards Venus.

Then what about the references in your songs to T.S. Eliot? Is it the mythologizing of his words within culture, it is a hip literary reference, or is it kind of like REM's "Voice of Harold" in which a lack for words someone suggests to the singer to have a drink and read something in the closet to the music?
I'm not sure how that came about, really. Mike put it together when he looked through a T.S. Eliot book on my brother's shelf and the words he pulled out just stuck.

Is there a childhood theme to your songs?
No, they're just stuff about being here and growing up in Oshawa with the Generals. Our other songs are about experiences here on the landscape. For example, the song "Rues" is about meeting this guy who ate out of an ice cream cone. In terms of "Noah's Cage," I've never been to a zoo with real monkeys, just the kind with the chicken-like eggs and machines.

What made up *Hilario*, exactly?
The 3 P.F. cassettes, recorded on a rented 4

track, and our side of a P.F. split 7 inch with the Shermans. Plus it has 7 new 16 track songs recorded in Toronto with help from Dave Clark and one song Mike recorded to a Sony tape deck.

So the Rheostatics kicked in some help?
Yup, Dave Clark, their drummer, offered to help produce or, basically, just offer advice with the mechanics. On the business side, he knew some more sympathetic people down with the cause. He's a real believer in doing our thing just as we want it, since we don't always believe in it.

Then what's next for The Inbreds?
We're going to do another full-length album and see how it does. We want to record it a bit differently from the last one, on our own or with friends again, by writing all the songs around the same time. It'll have about 12 new songs all from one period so it'll be more cohesive.

What about the bands you grew up with?
I listened to a lot of stuff. Mike listened to the Beatles but had a punk phase, mostly because of the Exploited records in his brother's collection. Today we listen to most of the indie bands, Superchunk and Fugazi, but some of the regionality effects that. We're big fans of the Rheostatics.

And now you're going on tour with them, that's great. What can one expect live? What's the basic

Well, how much has the local scene changed since ever? We play a few songs by other bands like The Tragically Hip and The Seasmokers. We've secured my folks' Cutlass Cynopsis, not-quite from around here [Chicago's General Motors] it's an 8 cylinder—which is good for the Rheostatics while we top with a vinyl roof. The trunk holds our stuff. Mike's just going to head out now.

The Inbreds play the Town Pump on June 17th and 18th with the Rheostatics.



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• Sheila Chandra, 1992

BEPI CRESPIAN INVITES

Enter Mr. Jaap Blunk and Mr. Paska, a hyperventilating double scoop of Einstürzende Neubauten's Blixa Bargeld on a Nardwar prescription. Amsterdam's Blunk redesigns Cocteau Twins/Sheila Chandra gibberish by blending in series of tortured shrieks, calls of the wild, and imitations of sounds generated from various respiratory ailments. Armed with a kazoo, Helsinki's Paska graced CTR's airwaves a few years back with "I'm Shit" from an EP, that also included tributes to The Doors and Motorhead. You want intellect, exhume your Bruce Allen *Running with the Bulls in the Red Leather Pants*; *The Loverboy Years* tapes. If you're looking for instinct, soul and unfiltered emotion, we present Paska and Jaap Blunk.

Who invented Björk?

Paska: Sunny for from the Marcs. Jaap: Björk, they say over here, was invented one horny night by the greedy grandson of the late Professor Prytyzkowsky, which knowledge won't help you much since Prof. Pryt is only famous among 40-year-old children in this country.

Are you punk?

Paska: No, I'm mental junk.

Jaap: I'm not punk, I was too old when punk started (I was listening to Lee Jazz at that time). Later, though, some said my performances were punker than punk, in a way.

Are you industrial?

Paska: Oh yeah, tractors are made from steel.

Jaap: I think I am industrial only in

the sense that I like to make machine sounds with my mouth.

Do you do many live performances?

Paska: Not this year because I have sort of quit temporarily. But those years when I do gigs I had one/two every week.

Jaap: Live performances are the most beautiful thing to do. I try to get as many as possible but it's up and down of course.

Would you comment on your beginnings? What life experience lead you to pursue the spoken (non-)word/rant thing? What were you doing before this?

Paska: I did nothing before Paska (Paska had first gig when I was seventeen in 1985). I just wanted to show people that you don't have to learn to sing or play before you go to stage—the energy is more important. The idea in punk was everybody can buy guitar, learn to play it and make a band. My opinion is that you don't have to buy an instrument, you don't have to learn to play anything and you don't have to make a band, just go on stage!

Jaap: Only after the fact can I state that I have always been looking for an area before music and speech. At first I had no idea there could be such a territory but I remember trying to make sounds on the saxophone my teacher judged illegal, instead of learning my lessons in the local music school. When I read poems at that time (some 15 years ago) I was attracted most by those that had nonsense language in them. I started to learn them, by heart (notably the "Erasme" by Kurt Schwitters) and recite them to people, first at parties or in the street, but then I started to get invitations to perform in places that paid me for it. Then I went into improvising with my voice instead of trying to make weird sounds on the saxophone—the voice was so much more direct! What I did before? I studied physics and mathematics for some time and had the usual odd jobs.

Could you give me some details about your box set with the book and 3-D glasses?

Paska: No.

Jaap: The box is called *Liederen uit de Hemel* (Songs from Heaven). It's a kind of "Collected Early Works" of me as a sound poet. In 1985 I started to make little sound poems, mostly by just improv-

vising, and, in the best moments, producing ideas that could be worked out to last a little longer than one improvisation. This is part of the explanation of the title: little songs taken from very inspired moments ("heaven"). There was also a theater show I made called *Houses*; some of the "songs" were in this. Later, parts of the book/CD resulted from more deliberate writing after I studied phonetics, etc.: the series of eleven variations on Dehnologikaas resulted from a commission for a special occasion. To get more variety in sound I included some tracks with musicians and some overdubbing of my voice. The graphics were created by Jan Maarten Boijwint. We had a close collaboration—long discussions, quarrels, etc.—in terms of generating ideas for the typography but practically all of the book was made after the CD recordings were finished.

Have you ever heard of Jaap Blunk from Holland/Paska from Finland?

Paska: Jaap who?

Jaap: Never heard of Paska.

What does a traditional Finnish/Dutch dinner consist of?

Paska: Salt (it's true).

Jaap: Traditional Dutch dinner's not my favorite: potatoes, beef stewed much too long, vegetables cooked much too long. Only some winter dishes are good (various types of hotchpotch).

How much recording have you done?

Paska: Three E.P.s.

Jaap: I recorded one LP, four CDs and several cassettes.

Would you attend a public castration? What if you were on the Polygram guestlist?

Paska: I have been on the Polygram guestlist. I drank beer.

Jaap: Do you mean a public castration or a public castration? Depends on who it was. Fuck Margylop!

Do you often argue with your relatives? What do you argue about?

Paska: I haven't argued with my relatives since I was 19 because after that I haven't kept any kind of touch with them. Before that, all the time (I guess you knew that) and the reason was, of course, (by the way, I'm now writing a

STINCTS

JAAP BLONCK AND PASKA TO A BATTLE OF THE MOUTHS

book about that. I just published my first book, titled "I". It is based on my travels by the time I was in high school.) Jaap: It's a long time since I argued with relatives. It's not much use because they belong to a very strict church and God's always on their side.

What part of Finland/Holland do you live in? What are some of the characteristics of the villagers...their dreams...their fears? What are some of the culturally significant traditions of your home town?

Jaap: I live in south of Finland, in capital Helsinki. Villagers dream about dull life and are afraid about anything which is new. The culturally significant attractions in Helsinki are foreign tourists. Jaap: I live in Amsterdam; not many villagers around here. The more "culturally significant attractions"...maybe you'd better quote a travel guide here, this would take too much time for me.

Steve Perry, Neal Schon and their San Francisco-based rock 'n' roll band enjoyed moderate success with the release of this song in the early-1980s. I cannot reveal the name of this song to you, nor its chart position, but I would like to use this song as part of a gift to my lover. Unfortunately, the record sleeve is faded and stained with the tears of a thousand broken hearted me's. Can you help me? I can only read the odd lines of the song. Can you fill in the even lines of the song? Can you help me write a beautiful poem to my lover?

Just a small town girl, livin' in a lonely world

Paska: Just a city transsexual livin' in packed justice hotel
Jaap: O mas nicht, skurzy cor boo hurld

Just a city boy, born and raised in South Detroit

Paska: Just a country person raised all the Detroit's children
Jaap: Zeechter much that zeaight.

A singer in a smoky room

Paska: A burnout go-go packsinger in a smoky karaoke bar
Jaap: Dustier more than broom

For a smile they can share the night

Paska: For a dime they can share the AIDS
Jaap: Last a jamais my Ukrainian lotion

Strangers waiting, up and down the boulevard

Paska: High school teacher waiting in the middle of the road
Jaap: Bruchtigt al dente to smell the avare

Streetlight people, living just to find emotion

Paska: Emotional people just dying to find streetlights
Jaap: My my my jvhd? (4wo; q3 my, mice

Working hard to get my fill

Paska: In the social office trying to kllng somebody's fill
Jaap: Still no nill will crin. 'qL'P'w 2000th bill

Payin' anything to roll the dice

Paska: Some lose, some play lotto
Jaap: Come with me around the bends

Some will win, some will lose

Paska: Oh these commercials before movie never ends
Jaap: &itwillbeyouchoose

Oh, the movie never ends

Paska: Don't believe traffic signs which say stop
Jaap: Feet my steeple

Don't stop believin'

Paska: Just drive until traffic lights shows red and end crushin on the street
Jaap: (Boo-hoo-bis) stop be grievin'

Streetchlight people

Have you ever had sex with someone whom, years afterwards, perhaps, physically repulsed you and what was her name?

Paska: Yes, with me.

Jaap: Yes, but I'm not gonna tell you her name. It's such a pretty name, let's at least not spoil the name, no.

My friend, David Mariden, is looking for work right now. Can you suggest some fast food joints in your hometown that might be hiring? Please provide phone numbers with the city routing code.

Paska: He can come to work in my kitchen—number (358)0-1351603.

Jaap: Will be difficult to find such a job over here: lots of unemployed, lots of refugees—serious matter.

Has your musical creativity ever jeopardized your marriage?

Paska: I'm not married but it is easier to get touched with certain people; for longer period it makes some difficulties. I never "sing" in my home, I live in rented apartment.

Jaap: Let's turn it around: I never let marriage jeopardize my musical creativity. This I accomplish quite simply by not marrying.

What's up with Mengele?

Paska: Who cares?

Jaap: Nobody's up with Mengele. I mean, he and his friends are way down in hell (eternally being roasted, so my father told me).

If you could do a poetry thing with anyone, who would it be?

Paska: With Jean-Michel Jarre. I like his lyrics.

Jaap: Difficult to say. It very much depends on what kind of thing I had in mind. There's a certain type of thing I'd love to do with John Zorn if I had the chance, or a very opposite sort of thing, for instance, with Gavin Bryars. I could mention more names...

What's the basic objective behind your musical creation? What experience are you attempting to provide your listener?

Paska: Complete anti-musical talents.

Jaap: I aim at getting things better and better. When are they better? When I like them more when I hear myself back. This is the only way of judging I use. I never have a certain experience in mind that I would attempt to provide my listeners. Before this, I should say, there's

the fact that I always keep producing and trying new sounds—when I get tired of it my mouth doesn't. When this stops I'm finished.

Paska: By the way, I got my own telephone show in Radiomafia (like BBC in GB). In my show I shout to people who phone to me and hangup the telephone before they got time to say what's on their mind. Give me a tour in

Canada. It's easy: only one microphone! No sound-checks or anything; just me jumping around on the stage and yelling like shit...tell everybody that they will love me.

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SOME SONGS
BY MARK



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THE CLASSICAL BEAT

JOHN BRUNSTIEN

Okay metalheads, time to wake up and grab your notepads! This month's column could end up being your primary defense when you end up in court after slaying someone's grandmother 'because Ozzie Osborne told you to'. But before we get into a collection of fourteenth-century music with blasphemy and urgings to wantonly kill, a little background is in order. By 900 A.D. European music began to have elements of polyphony where a piece of music would contain two or more distinct melodies being played or sung simultaneously. Most of this music was religious in nature and really fairly simple. Over the next few hundred years it gradually increased in complexity until sometime shortly after 1300 radically different musical forms of a secular nature began to emerge. An increased

attention to rhythmic texture was the major characteristic of what quickly became called 'ars nova', or the new art. It is from this terminology that the Swiss group Ensemble Project Ars Nova (or Ensemble P.A.N.) takes its name.

Originating from the Basel Cantorin in 1982, the group which is currently based in Boston on a teaching and performance residence consists of Laurie Monahan (mezzo-soprano), Crawford Young (lute), Shira Kamen (vielle - an early violin-like instrument), Michael Collier (concentroneer and cornu muto), and John Fiegle (tenor and medieval harp). I had the wonderfully good fortune to hear the Ensemble perform at the Metropolitan Taberna on April 30th as guests of Early Music Vancouver.

The program sampled

works of a number of composers from the late 1300's and 1400's but focused mostly on the Franco-Flemish musician Johannes Ciconia. Although previously unknown to me, a little reading shows him to be an important transitional composer between truly medieval works and early renaissance composition. Born in Liege around 1370, he seems to have been a choirboy in that city by 1385 and to have moved to Rome by 1390. Coming in contact with the musicians in the service of Pope Boniface IX, he was probably influenced by the new changes in musical style. Moving to Padua in 1401, he remained there until his death in the summer of 1412. He was a widely recognized composer at the time, with his works being known as far away as Poland. This popularity is partially responsible

for our having reliable copies of a relatively large number of his works still extant, when many of the works of his contemporaries have been lost.

Ciconia's works are mostly for voice accompanied by only a few simple instruments such as would be practical for the travelling musical troupes of the age, although a few instrumental-only works are known. In style they range from incredibly complex works of the 'Ars Subtilior' style to rhythmically simpler works intended to display choral virtuosity. The works are all similar in their melodic elegance and lively nature, features which gave the works of this concert an ability to charm the listener such as few other styles of music could. This outstanding program gave the listeners a taste of the whole gamut of Ciconia's works.

Before the program Crawford Young gave a short and rather too technical introductory talk describing the state of musical composition in the time of Ciconia. He did mention some facts which were to prove interesting, such as that Ciconia's major patron was an influential churchman in Padua. This didn't make much of an impact on me until the concert opened and I looked at the text translation supplied with the program. The opening work Petrum Marcellum Venetum, while musically delightful, was a blatantly groveling work to a local bishop (presumably in an effort to gain fiscal support) and contained the lines "Let the Paduan choir...sing praises to Jove". Given the climate of the times I think Ciconia was lucky that such lines didn't bring the Inquisition knocking at the door, drooling at the thought of having caught such a blatant heretic.

The program continued with a three-voice motet O Virum Omnimoda, the instrumental Io Crido Amor, and a truly stunning ballata O Rosa Bella being influenced by the door, drooling at the thought of having caught such a blatant heretic.

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stays of so many positions/And your skin is so rosy/when we make love so many times!"). Ciconia's Una Panthera, Jacopo da Bologna's Aquila Altera, Landini's Istampita, Cossi Pensoso and Don Paolo da Firenze's Godi Firenze, a work in celebration of Florence's victory over Pisa in a local skirmish with lines such as "Little Pisa, henceforth you serve us/Devine Jove baptized with glory/Chaos to Pisa". Not only heretical, but not exactly modest either, were they?

After the intermission the program continued with Jacob de Senleches' L'Harp de Melodie, Pierre de Moulin's De que ce Poil Pense, and Baude Cordier's Tout par Compass. This work is interesting in that the title suggests it is written in an intricate circle in the original text available to us as the Chantilly Manuscript. Cordier, probably a harp player in the service of Philip the Bold (Duke of Burgundy), seems to have written the work as a lighthearted play on words; it is of the style known as a rondeau or rondelle which involves parts of the work being repeated, and as his lyrics proclaim "Three times around my lines you pass! You can chase me around with glee! If in singing you're true to me". This sort of 'multi-media' presentation of a musical art form is remarkable not only for its being centuries ahead of its time but also being wonderful to hear. A good many modern composers could do with paying some attention to this work; music can be different and new without being hard to listen to!

Ciconia's Regina Gloriosa and Aller M'en Veux, followed, along with Philippe de Vitry's Tribuine non Abourit and Jean Vaillant's Par Mantes Foyes. This seemingly charming little song was his hiding messages fully on a par with anything being put out by the speed metal bands of today: the translation revealed lines like "The nightgale cried out/I order that they kill and slay you/kill, kill, kill, slay, slay, slay/you on you, fie, fie, slay slay!". All of this in a much more inidious package than any modern musicians put subliminal homicidal suggestions in; after all, when is the last time you heard someone complaining that their children were listening to overly loud medieval music and being influenced by it all manner of unspeakable deeds? Clearly a case could be made that works of this genre have a long and noble (?) history!

The program continued with Guillaume de Machaut's Rose Liz, O Now Welcome Soner (to words by Chaucer), and De Tout Blous, an anonymous O'Sex, and Borlet's He, Tres Douz Rousignol. The concert closed with three different renditions of Ciconia's Le Ray au Soleil, a canon in which three voices sing the same words but at different tempos, resulting in

an intriguing interplay between the singers.

This concert was a real pleasure to attend and served to open my eyes to the fact that modern music doesn't hold an exclusive right on containing lyrics which are of questionable social acceptability. Early Music Vancouver made a really great selection in bringing hosting Ensemble P.A.N., and I hope to see them here in Vancouver again within the next few years (although preferably at a larger venue with more comfortable seating and better acoustics). If you were not lucky enough to attend, then you still have a chance to hear it; the concert was recorded by CBC for broadcast on The Arts Tonight sometime in the near future. If you miss this, then you still needn't despair; Ensemble P.A.N. has several CD's currently available, including Homage to Johannes Ciconia and Ars Nova Subtilior, both from New Albion Records (Cat numbers NA048CD and NA021CD respectively). These (along with another CD of the Ensemble's recent work) were all available at the concert intermission, but due to some poor planning on someone's part only six copies of the Ciconia CD were available and these didn't last long. Both of these recordings are superb and rate as definite must-haves for people with even a casual interest in early music. Together they contain most of the works done in this performance, although missing Caciando per Gustar, one of my favorites) along with quite a few other works in addition.

Now for what to look forward to in the next month or so. It seems that the warm weather of June is expected to keep people out of the concert halls, and the local classical music schedule is less than crowded as a result. But just in case the weather isn't so great, here's what's available.

The VSO is presenting pianist Ralph Markham and Ken Broadway for Poule's Concerto for Two Pianos and Saint-Saens' Carnival of the Animals, as well as Satie's Gymnopedies and Stravinsky's Petronchka on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of June. In a special benefit concert on the 9th, Dudley Moore will be the guest soloist in performances of W.A. Mozart's Piano Concerto No.21 and Grieg's Rhapsody in Blue. (And you didn't know he was at least a respected pianist, right?) On the 11th and 13th, Gary Relyea is the guest musician on bass in a performance of three scenes from Mussorgsky's opera Boris Godunov and Boito's Prologue to Mephistopheles, along with Borodin's Polovtsian Dances. All of these performances are at 8:00 PM in the Orpheum.

If you are into ballet, the Vancouver Academy of Music is presenting a demonstration on June 4th at 11:00 AM in Koerner Hall, down in Vanier Park.

Those seem to be the limit of choices for June, but July will make up for it with no fewer than six Early Music Vancouver concerts (too bad they couldn't have split them up a bit more!) Until next time, good listening!



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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

In recent years it seems that the original purpose of the 7" single has been forgotten. When rock 'n' roll exploded back in the 50's a single was manufactured as a radio-only promo device to promote an artist's "hit" from an upcoming album. The A-side usually featured the hopeful hit (which would always re-appear on the album) while the flip-side would usually have a cover of someone else's previous radio hit (which would appear only on the single). Soon, 7" singles were being sold retail in stores where

rock 'n' roll started teens could snatch up the latest records in their blank white paper sleeves. This was the norm for the next thirty years—bands would prior to releasing an album. Whether it was Jerry Lee Lewis, the Rolling Stones, Ramones or Michael Jackson, all of the hit-makers would release their very best on 7" vinyl. Sadly, the art of the 7" single all but died out with the corporate killing of vinyl and CD and cassette singles have never really served the same

function as their vinyl predecessors. The 7" hasn't died out completely, though; it's still holding out in the underground independent scene and giving people like me, not to mention thousands of indie bands from around the world, a purpose and a hobby.

A 7" now, with most bands, comes out as a one-off project, a multi-song E.P., a collection of album out-takes or an excuse to put out product between major releases. One of the very few bands around today that has truly embraced and mastered the original art of the 7" single is Victoria's **Bum**. During their relatively short (so far) existence, Bum has released several two-song singles—always featuring their very best original song to date on the A-side and backed by an obscure cover song on the B-side. All of the original A-sides ended up on Bum's debut LP from last summer, *Wanna Smash Sensation* (Pop/Lama Records), while the B-sides remained exclusive to the singles. Still following this classic format, Bum's first release of 1994 also happens to be the best record I've heard this year. "Mrs. Rock and Roll" (an Andrew Molloy original) b/w "I Won't Look Back" are both SCORCHING pop rockers that keep the house shakin' until the needle pulls up to end each side. Produced by like-minded popster Ian "Mix"

Jones (of Pluto), the single was recorded locally at Vancouver studios and released on One Louder Records of England. One Louder is yet another foreign label sinking its teeth into Bum—with records out in Canada, the U.S., Australia, Spain, Japan and, of course, England—which may be as well known internationally as Victoria's other world-wide success, No Means No. Bum has never sounded any better than this and I stand and salute them for carrying on the great tradition of the 7" rock 'n' roll single. (One Louder Records, P.O. Box INW, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW, England)

My preference for the two-song single is obvious but I still appreciate any effort on the 7" format, especially when four great songs are crammed onto one record. Such is the case with Seattle's **The Picketts** and their new E.P. *Pick It!* Worthwhile of immediate note is the absence of lead crooner Christy McWilson: as the liner notes explain, she has left amicably and temporarily to let her back-up boys let loose on these four smokin' instrumentals. The elements of surf, rock 'n' roll and boogie throughout these fine stompers are all set to an energetic and highly enjoyable country beat. All hot, all cool! (Cruddy Record Dealership, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145-264 USA)

Skipping across the country and to the opposite end of the musical spectrum, **Furnaceface**, Ottawa's r/son-clad kings of funky/punky music, has finally seen their hard work pay off with packed venues after spreading their hilarious songs and stage antics from coast to coast across Canada for years. On their latest single, Furnaceface has taken a political turn to face the issues that are especially close to home.

"Nobody to Vote For" is an obvious slam at our last federal election, charging forth with a lot of frustrated, punk-rockin' emotion and geared towards the pathetic candidates we were forced to cast our ballots for last November. On the B-side, "Beg The Question" strays into techno-rap territory, which would usually cause me to spontaneously vomit all over my turntable, but Furnaceface somehow make it a little more palatable than, say, Vanilla Ice. Hey, I'd even go so far as to say it's almost...rockin'! There's even a Nardwuar sample on the track. See Furnaceface at a packed venue near you.

Coming out of Moncton, New Brunswick, **The Monoxides** have put forth a nice four-song slab of punk rock for your critical approval. Sounding like a lo-fi Doughboys, these guys surprised me by showing off some promising, highly melodic, energetic songs with a very do-it-yourself ethic. With better quality recording and vinyl production these stinkers could give fellow Maritimers Sloan a good kick in the ass. (Superbop Records, 1580 Ryan Road, Moncton, New Brunswick E1C 8Z4)

Whether you're in Moncton or San Francisco punk rock is always available. **Maximum Rock 'N' Roll's** new hard-on is for San Fran's **The Rip-Offs**. Like fellow "back-to-their-roots" bands New Bomb Turks and the Humpers, the Rip-Offs excel in a drunken revolution of stripped-down and simplistic punk rock. Their second single is another ultra-cheap, one-sided slab featuring two vicious rip-offs: "Make Up Your Mind" and "Wild Jayne," the latter being the pop hit of the month about the turbulent life of pin-up queen/smut actress Jayne Wyman. Get hip to the old

sounds of today, today!

In precisely the same vein as the Rip-Offs, although a little less cocky, is Seattle's **Invisible Men** and their *Frustrator 7"*. These transparent fucks are into the punk rock thing, albeit a little more in the 60's "Louie Louie" fashion, and also moonlight as the incredible Fallouts; adding up to some very high rollin' fun. (Rat City Records, 221 SW 153 St., #230, Seattle, WA USA)

Some of you bitter bastards out there say I'm biased in these reviews. Well, shit-sacks, here's a chance to prove yourselves correct. **Vanilla Trainwreck's** new single "Kiss me b/w 'Electric Guitar' is absolute bullsh!t from a cacophonous shit-pop-wanna-be-huge band. Both songs come off as sllobbering self-centered pap; neither the boring and off-kilter "Kiss Me" nor the sickeningly masturbatory "Electric Guitar" deserve any space on vinyl. Just about the only good thing I can say about this flavour accident is that they once played with Bum - which reminds me that I should play the new Bum single again. Thank-you, Vanilla Trainwreck! (Mammoth Records, Carr Mill, 2nd Floor, Carboro, NC 27510, USA)

Do I consciously leave the crap to the end of the column? I try not too, but...Ontario, California's **The Phuzzz** has a new E.P. out. Entitled *This Punk Called Rock*, it's generic pop-punk spinning helplessly out of control (at 45 rpm) like a lame Screaming weasel - bad. There are some fairly amusing spoken word bits in between songs, but altogether it's miles from being noteworthy. If there's one thing I hate, it's self-proclaimed punk. Now where's that new Bum single? (Kantzalia Records, 1034 W. 1 St., Ontario, CA 91762 USA)



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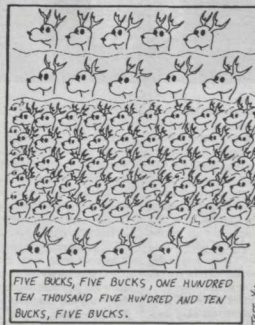


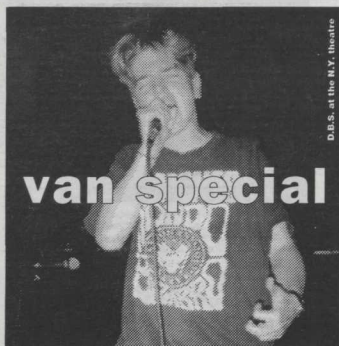
CELINE GODARD.

Bastardly Comix: Prick



AN APPLE MAN WITH APPLE HANDS PUT A REVOLVER TO HIS BLUSH HEAD ONE SHIMMY DAY, BUT HIS APPARENT ABSENCE OF FINGERS LEFT HIM UNABLE TO PULL THE TRIGGER.





D.E.S., at the M.X. theatre

van special

The space I mentioned last month now has a name, it's called the **Anti-Centre**. It's sort of a drop-in resource centre that houses meetings for the Gest Quest Co-op, Riot Grrrl Vancouver, Food Not Bombs and other organizations. The Anti-Centre is located just up from Cambie St. at 311 West Hastings—just go up the stairs. Call them at 689-8303 to find out what's happening in this fine city or to find out how you can help/volunteer at Anti-Centre.

Disleyland, the venue I mentioned last month, has been shut-down, so the punkiest place in Vancouver is now a legend.

Did you check out **Comix-A-Go-Go** last month? If not, you missed out. Local fanzine and comic editors got together and hosted this benefit for Little Sisters Bookstore (a great cause that still needs your help). It was interesting to see the faces behind the 'zines (I tried to keep a low profile in fear that someone might beat me up for a bad review) and I hope it happens again soon. Photo and Kid Champion played the all-ages show and they both impressed me, especially Kid Champion because I've never been to fond of their recordings: they were much better live.

DEMOS!

Squelch—demo

I listened to this on the way to *Discorder* and found it great. Squelch plays upbeat, sing-along punk in the same vein as Bum or even Snuff. Sometimes I find this genre kind of tiring but I was surprised—maybe I should listen to stuff while driving more often. (P.O. Box 18117, Tsawwassen Postal Outlet, Delta, B.C. V4L 2M4)

CD'S!

Brand New Unit

Under The Big Top (Excursion) I'm so psyched to finally see that Brand New Unit's *Under The Big Top* is out. Containing five songs from BNU's Shindig recording, a couple of live tracks recorded at Bull Frog Studios and a couple from their first 7", their music is upbeat and melodic hardcore. Along the lines of latter-day 7 Seconds or Dag Nasty, it's really catchy—the song "Mr. Everything" is amazing—and the really slick packaging job compliments the equally polished recording; sounds great. I just wonder why there isn't a Vancouver label to put this out—the good stuff seems to be going to Seattle.

FANZINES!

Wow, it seems the 'zines are just getting better as I go through them. *Licorice* fanzine is an in-

teresting little publication by one bored Nanaimo punk who comments on food, free food, his hair, other peoples hair, stuff found in dumpsters, finding dumpsters to dive into and other little weird stories and what not. Some people don't understand why I like 'zines like this or why I give them so much credit. Heck, neither do I, but it's free so get it. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 8pgs. (Licorice Building A, 750-4th St., Nanaimo, B.C. V9R 6C5)

O.K., that's it - if anyone else sends their 'zine with a hundred glittery little flakes, stars, or whatever, I am seriously going to make them come to my house and vacuum my room. Geez! Anyway, this month's glitter violator is *Random Thoughts #2*; it's 12pgs.; 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 and comes off as a friendly 'zine full of writing about life and what is right or what is wrong. It's more of a vehicle of personal expression than of political rhetoric and it's the personality that makes what might otherwise seem like political ranting seem real and sincere. The editor must be real busy too, 'cause since I've started reviewing I've received #3, #4, and #5. I think it's free so look for it. (P.O. Box 33, 345 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5T 1W5)

Back from a six year hiatus for one last issue is *Urnal Sline* #4. Don't worry, though, it will be re-born under the new name *Musick*. This issue has inter-

views with Grief, B.F.G.'S, and All, as well as record reviews and what have you. One article from the editor on what punk used to be (to him) sort of sums-up the death of *Urnal Sline*, but luckily his energies won't be wasted as they will be pumped into *Musick*. Look ahead, not behind, I say. The 'zine is free so pick it up or write them. Oh yeah, it's 5 1/2 X 8 1/2; 20 pgs. (P.O. Box 52023, North Vancouver, B.C. V7T 3T2)

Some things never change - but for better or for worse? *Yum #6* and #7 have recently reached me and I almost find it weird how each issue manages to seem so similar to the last one while still retaining an individual feel. Maybe they've just got their rhythm down. As one person wrote about *Yum*, it's like getting about 50 little letters or postcards in the mail all at the same time. I agree. 8 1/2 x 11; 10 pgs. Send a bunch of stamps, they're cool. (6303 Beaver Creek, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 4V2)

Those guys in Crayon have sandwiched together some more pages of paper and called it *Thrill #11*. Son of a collection of indie-rock thoughts by an indie-rock band, the 'zine contains reviews of records and fanzines and a Crayon tour diary, plus an assortment of tasty odds and ends. *Thrill* should appeal most to fans of Crayon; it's probably free at their shows, or write *Thrill*. Oh, yeah, it's 28 pgs.; about 3 1/2 x 5

1/2. (c/o Sean & Jeff, 722 11th E., Seattle, WA 98102)



Wow #1 isn't just a 'zine - it's a ziney! With twenty pages (8 1/2 x 11) and about as much type as could possibly fit it may not be the most eye-catching 'zine, but it makes up for it in content. *Wow* is jam-packed with tons of rants and raves, my favorites being the Top 10 Worst Jobs and the article on an experience with telepersonals. It also contains interviews with Cub, Coal and Sister Lovers, and tons of reviews. The fact that the photocopy fades in and out is kind of a bummer, but I managed to make it through. (Send \$2.50 or trade to Box 155-2496 E. Hastings, Vancouver, B.C. V5K 1Z1)

My all-time favorite Canadian 'zine, *Knife*, just came out with issue #5; it costs 50 cents and is something you must have,



CHARTS

JUNE 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 PERDUES TREE	THE BUNG RUNNING OUT	ZULU
2 ALFABATOR/WHYPOOZER	TALKING	TIMEBURY
3 HEAVENS TO BETSEY	CALCULATED	KILL ROCK STARS
4 VARIOUS ARTISTS	HANSON ROCK: PUCK ROCK	WRONG
5 GANG STARR	HARD TO EARN	CHRYSALS
6 THURSH HERMIT	SMART BOMB	MURDER
7 HOLE	LIVE THROUGH THIS	GEFFEN
8 KRISTIN HERSH	VELVET DAYS	YES DEAR
9 VARIOUS ARTISTS	A DAY IN THE PARK	THE NOW SOUND
10 A TRIBE CALLED QUEST	ELECTRIC RELAXATION	JIVE
11 THE LEATHER UPPIERS	OK, DON'T SAY HI	PAST IT
12 LUKE KOYLE	STRUCTURED AMBIENCE...	GYROSCOPE
13 APHEX TWIN	SELECTED WORKS VOL. II	SIRE
14 SLANT 6	SODA POP RIP OFF	DISCORD
15 VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE CROW (SOUNDTRACK)	ATLANTIC
16 RUMBA	A CONSPIRACY MONEY	COLUMBIA
17 RICECORD	CANADIAN AS FOLK	EN GUARD
18 THE DENITIS	BEHIND THE DOOR I KEEP...	EASTWEST
19 SLEEPYHEAD	STARDUSTER	HOMESTEAD
20 MATERIAL	HALLUCINATION ENGINE	AXIOM
21 VARIOUS ARTISTS	RARE ON AIR VOL. 8	ATLANTIC
22 THE MICEES	TASTES LIKE CHICKEN	EXTERNAL
23 SCAMPY TOM CORNERS	DE SCAMPY TOM: DIT	EMI
24 JAY P BLOW	LEADERS IN DISMEL	PODIE FEVER
25 DAVID BOWIE	THE BUDHA OF SUBURBIA (SOUNDTRACK)	ARISTA
26 THE POGUES	WAITING FOR HERB	WEA
27 SUPERCHICKS	LA MANO CORNIDA	SUB POP
28 THE CHARLATANS UK	UP TO OUR HIPPS	BEGGARS BANQUET
29 VIC CHESNUTT	DRUNK	TEXAS HOTEL
30 VARIOUS ARTISTS	NOT IF I SMELL YOU FIRST	SONIC UNYON
31 BEASTIE BOYS	SAME OLD BULLSHIT	GRAND ROYAL

32 TEENGENERATE	TEENGENERATE	CRUDOV
33 OVERWHELMING COLORFAST	TWO WORDS	RELATIVITY
34 STRAIN	STRAIN	LSR
35 FRACAS	GRISLY LOBBY DISPLAY	INCENTIVE
36 PRONG	CLEANSING	EPIC
37 GREEN DAY	DOCKNE	REPRISE
38 THE OFFSPRING	SMASH	EPITAPH
39 MADDER ROSE	PANIC ON	SEED
40 DAYTONA	CHICANE	ZULU
41 THE MISSION	SUM AND SUBSTANCE	VERTIGO
42 WEEZER	WEEZER	GEFFEN
43 JOHNNY CASH	CASH	AMERICAN
44 COOKING	THE WHITE BIRCH	SUB POP
45 COMBUSTIBLE EDISON	L SWINGER	SUB POP
46 HALF JAPANESE	FIRE IN THE SKY	SAFE HOUSE
47 POLVO	Celebrate the New Dark Age	MERGE
48 ANI DI FRANCO	OUT OF RANGE	RIGHTEOUS BABE
49 YOTU YINDI	FREEDOM	MUSHROOM
50 CRUINI	CRUINI	TRANCE

JUNE 94 SHORT VINYL 35

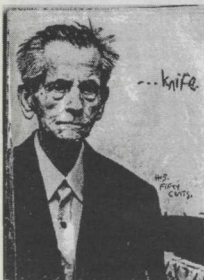
1 THE SMUGGLERS	PARTY PARTY PARTY POOPER 7"	MINI
2 BITE	CANNED 7"	DERIVATIVE
3 THE EVAPORATORS	IM GOING TO FRANCE 7"	NARROWHEAD
4 JALE	PROMISE 7"	SUB POP
5 THE STAND GT	SUGAR BUZZ 7"	TOP DRAWER
6 THE FALCONS	FLY BY NIGHT	FALCON BEACH
7 ERIC'S TRIP	WARM GIRL 7"	DERIVATIVE
8 NIMROD	LAB 308	SCRATCH
9 REFRIGERATOR	DOWN WITH 7"	ALJAX
10 KENT 3	MINNEAPOLIS 7"	EMPTY
11 UNREST	CATH CARROLL EP	4AD
12 COME	WRONG SIDE EP	MATADOR
13 SUEDE	STAY TOGETHER EP	NUDE
14 BUM	MRS. ROCK AND ROLL 7"	ONE LOUDER
15 BUM/SMUGGLERS	TATTOO DAVE 7"	TOP DRAWER
16 SMOG	A HIT 7"	DRAG CITY
17 ANTES SX	A PAIR IN MY HEAD 7"	GET HIP
18 THE DUMMIES	TM GONE 7"	GET HIP
19 TAD	PALE CORNSCREW 7"	FUTURIST
20 EARL'S FAMILY BOMBERS	WINTERHILL 73"	EMPTY
21 SEDITIONARIES	ABOLISHED OF MINE 7"	TOMBSTONE
22 EDDY AND THE BACK NINE	UNDER TEN HANDICAP 7"	SUPER ELECTRO
23 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TERRIFYING ASTHMA IX 7"	C/Z
24 FELT	VALENTINE 7"	ONLY
25 HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES	NORTH CEDAR 7"	RED DECAL
26 JUNE	STRIPSTEER 7"	FRICION MEDIA
27 MARY LOU LORD	JINGLE JANGLE MORNING 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
28 YO LA TENG	FROM A MOTEL 6 EP	MATADOR
29 BLUR	GIRLS AND BOYS EP	FOOD
30 MD CHAMPION	JACLYN AND CHANTIEL 7"	MINI
31 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TOWN & COUNTRY #1 7"	SEMENTAL
32 THE RED CRAYOLA	4EEN 7"	DRAG CITY
33 THE SURFOUSTERS	WAVES OF PLEASURE 7"	SURFIST
34 PURPLE KNIGHT	NIGHT OF BLACK WATERS 7"	NIM
35 BULGERIA	"EL PATRON" 7"	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES

MAY 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 NOGGIN	UNTITLED
2 CHILDREN OF ATOM	MINORITY OF ONE
3 EUGENE'S AXE	ULTRAVIOLET
4 NC17	TRINITY BELWOODS
5 THE GOOCH	COMPLEMENTARY NACHOS
6 NFA	6961113
7 GROVER	UNTITLED
8 THE VINAGRETTES	BLIND SPOT
9 ROACH MOTEL	LAUGHING
10 SINUS ENVY	CATHY TREE
11 THE REAL MCKENZIES	HAGGIES
12 BLASE PASCAL	SPOUGHT KIDD
13 SCARLET BURGLOVE	SWEETER THAN SIN
14 BROCCA'S AREA	METRO 9
15 TIGER BEAT	BOUQUETS AND KISSES
16 KREVIS	EXPLORE
17 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
18 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD BASTARD RUINED MY LIFE
19 CONSPIRACY A-GO-GO	MANACITA
20 MARK	SPRING CHICKEN
21 MEET DASH	SHINY
22 TICKLE TRUNK	NO MEANS NO
23 HOOUE	PAVEDRVN
24 SPEEDBUGGY	WHEAT JEANS
25 SISTER LOVERS	DREAMING
26 SPARKMARRK	SPEAKING OF HEROES
27 SCOURPUS	ILL BE AROUND
28 GROVER FUR	I LIKE YOU
29 BLACK EYED SUSAN	CHAMBERS
30 MOTORGOAT	WHAT'S UN THE DEAL?

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 TECHNO NATIONS II	THE MIND TRIP LP	KICKIN' JUK
2 WHITE LABEL	BAGPIPES IN EFFECT	KICKMAN/JUK
3 DJ UNCLE REVER	012 EP	?
4 HEXAGONE	BURNING TRASH	FLOODJAX/NIRBLINDS
5 YOKOTA	PANCAWAVES	HARTHOUSE/GERMANY
6 WHITE LABEL	TR 303	IMPORTANT/GERMANY
7 PSYCHIC TV	PANKILLER	TELEPATHIC/USA
8 HARD LEADERS 4	INTO THE JUNGLE LP	KICKIN' JUK
9 DJ HELL	BUTTER SAURE	KICKIN' JUK
10 CYBERTRAX	VISIONS RISING	HIGH/JUK



so go get it. Full of cool photos, hand-written articles and paper pull-outs, it's really clever and original. P.O. Box 26051, Westminster Station, Winnipeg, MB R3C 4K9)

Also from the middle of nowhere - oops, I mean the middle of Canada - is *Slat* #3. Written with a strong female approach, this 'zine is really slick looking, with interesting layouts and just as interesting articles. And get this, it's free (in Winnipeg at least). I wish there was a 'zine like this in Vancouver; it's not often that a 'zine has political integrity with an equal amount of humour. As well as the articles, there are also interviews with Sloan and Bullet Proof Nothing and record and show reviews. (Send a couple of bucks to P.O.

Box 26143, 166 Sherbrook St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1E4) There's obviously no lack of 'zines in Winnipeg; out of the U of W comes *Stylus*, a 36 page, 8 1/2 x 11 college rock/local rock

type of publication. Quite informative and objective, this 'zine came enclosed with the copy of *Slat*, so the creators must be pretty hip. I think I'm getting bored reading about Winnipeg -



go figure. (Send a buck or two to Rm. 21.24, Lochhart Hall, University of Winnipeg, 515 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, MB. R3B 2Y9)

Weighing in at about five pounds, the biggest 'zine this month is *Thoro-zine*. Costing \$3, it's a strong political 'zine that crosses its dance/hip-hop content with punk/hardcore content - something I've never seen done before. 68 pgs.; 8 1/2 x 11; on recycled paper. Great lay-outs, interesting, informative - and I was just looking at the pictures. (P.O. Box 571562, Houston, Texas 77257-1562)

Juxtsuppose #1 is probably the most clever 'zine to come out of this city. Full of interesting quotes, comics and general insanity, it's witty and intelligent and must have taken hours upon fuckin' hours to put together. I'm afraid to meet the editor. The 'zine alone costs \$2, or for \$5 you also get an equally as interesting audio cassette (which includes the NegativeLand tip-off of U2). 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 48 pgs. P.O. Box 30007, Parkgate P.O., North Vancouver, B.C., V7H 2Y8; or at

Juxtsuppose



Pop/Blast. I must have been sleeping 'cause I missed the last three is-

sues of *Warm Fuzzy*. Maybe it's 'cause I'm broke (financially and physically) or maybe not. I don't know why, but I am now up-to-date with the most current issue (#8). The 'zine has taken its first steps into the computer age, but it's still hand-written at times and some of the writing almost seems like diary entries or something. There's snippets of sarcasm and wit and I liked the piece about name dropping within the scene, like it means your cool or something. (You know, it does, doesn't it?) Send a couple of stamps to #1-1338 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V5L 3X6. P.S. What does fuck mean?



REAL LIVE ACTION

Afghan Whigs
Redd Kross
Commodore Ballroom
Friday, May 6

Pairing the Whigs and the Kross together on the same ticket was akin to pouring gasoline into a pot-hole filled with pristine rainwater. The incendiary qualities of the latter always float atop the former, spoiling and eventually obscuring it despite the latter's ability to evolve and regenerate.

and purposeful to move mountains (even people on occasion) and the Whigs were neither during their fifty minute set.

Even though I hadn't touched a drop of firewater that night, I left the Commodore marvelling at the pretty colours floating in the sea behind me and hoped that when Messrs. Dulli & company return, they'll remember to bring the matches.

Rob Harrison



photo by Joel Fraser

Greg Dulli of Afghan Whigs

Despite their superfluous shortcomings, Redd Kross parted the Commodore's pretty puddle at stage centre, filled by their fans throughout their hour-plus set. The McDonald brothers have gradually learned over the years to pare their 70's worship into a controlled exuberance that subsumes their chosen era's legacy of bubble-pop and nictal without succumbing to it's impotence. In other words, they rocked.

The Whigs spilled their inflammable sound forty minutes later but their motions and efforts suggested that they wanted to spend their set being worshipped, unlike the McDonalds' and company. Moses knew that you had to be devout

Forgotten Rebels
Sex with Nixon
White Trash Debutantes
Bif Naked
The McRakins
Lux Theatre
Saturday, May 14th

People complain every year about Music West, but they'll be complaining a lot more if something like it wasn't happening in Vancouver. There's usually a real sprat of musical venues in town, but during MusicWest every place in town erects a stage and has bands. The Lux Theatre is a rather dark, cavernous place and may not be the greatest setting for live music - but who cares. At least the Lux does

have a certain 'Night at the Bijou' nostalgia to it, even though they've ripped everything out but the balcony seats. Still, it was probably the scene of one of the most memorable gigs of the Music West week-end.

The McRakins featured a guitarist and bassist both dressed as eggs and a drummer in a chicken costume, and they had the front of the stage barricaded in chicken wire. Never really explained was the psycho in a black combat uniform who stood at the front of the stage shooting a water pistol at audience members. Surprisingly, these guys weren't tall gimmick and they played some not bad, egg-citing rock. With all the egg jokes I think it would be really neat to see them play at a pro-life rally.

Bif Naked was next, in all her raven haired glory. With Gorilla Gorilla, Chrome Dog, and Dying to be Violent behind her, her new 'solo' stuff sounds very different from her previous bands. But I've always had a soft spot for Bif Naked. She began her set singing a somber a cappella song about incest and then continued with her great sounding new band (3 members of DSK), doing a fine one called "You're My Dream" that had a lot of guys nearby me swooning. Sounds great and worth a listen.

San Francisco's obscure White Trash Debutantes followed and were perhaps the weirdest act of the evening (or maybe any evening). The hilarious Debutantes consists of a male semi-nude bassist in G-string, an S&M clad drummer, and four female singers. Well, at least three of them were female, the dubious fourth, lead singer Ginger Coyote, looked like a fat David Johansen with a sex change.

The bogus Tonya Harding guest vocals publicity gimmick aside, much of the subject matter in many of their songs had to deal with Harding, and there was even one about Nancy Kerrigan called "Bad in Bed." The band did bring out their special guest 'Punk Rock Patti,' an elderly grandmother dressed up in pink hair and rappers gear. And as the corpulent Coyote proudly stated when introducing this guest, she's been on the Gerald show. Patti went into a rap song covering the themes of safe sex and legalizing hemp to treat her arthritis, and then quaintly puffed on a joint—much to the approval of both the audience and the band. In a following tune, one of the Debutantes' trashy female singers jumped into the audience to popo and lost some of her clothing in the fracas. Back on stage, she ripped the rest of her clothing off and luke-warm audience members pressed forward for a chance to see a bit of skin while she proceeded to tap-dance naked at centre stage. Unlike Coyote, her part of the act certainly left no questions as to her gender.

With a hand act to follow, local Sex with Nixon held their own and played an energetic, high-octane set. The 'yes-they're-still-around' Forgotten Rebels went on next and put on a good performance, but it couldn't clear away the smell of cheap perfume that the Debutantes left behind.

A.O. Chapman



Recent Sub-Pop signees Zumpango played the Anza Club on May 12. Paul Clarke was lucky enough to snap some photos of the sharp dressed men.

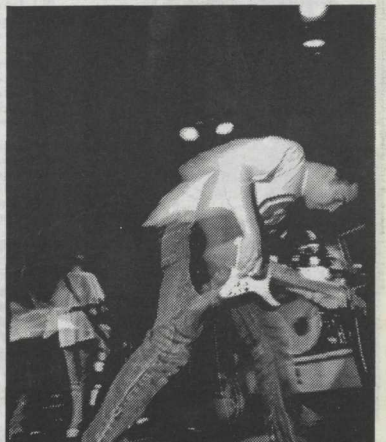
Kristin Hersh
Pooka
Starfish Room
Monday, May 16

I knew the night was going to be low key when I walked into the Starfish Room and found the usually empty dance floor laden with candle-bearing tables over which leaned whispering couples and serious looking solitary souls. The whole scene reminded me more of an open mick coffee house than the local music venue the Starfish Room usually serves as. And Pooka definitely fit the talent show type bill. These two homely waifs from Manchester nervously strummed and stumbled through a boring set of bad acoustic folk tunes with lyrics like "Feel the breeze," "Whoopie sit under an apple tree," and "It's so easy to be greedy." They were full of daring stage antics, like forcefully discharging saliva while delivering the line "If anybody says when are you gonna come down, spit on them!", or setting the mike free of its stand and going vestless for a song entitled "Lubrication."

One girl even snaggled a string during the first song, which probably had less to do with her actual playing than it did with the fact that her guitar strap barely made it around her neck and thus left her guitar hanging awkwardly under her chin looking mammoth and menacing. Yup, there was no doubt about it, these girls were professionals complete with all the fixings; everything from matching black Pooka t-shirt bags and glamorously airbrushed promotional posters to an aging tour manager sporting a ponytail, tie, and sideburns. In fact Pooka had so many band accoutrements that they didn't have to bother with anything actually resembling musical talent!

Kristin Hersh, on the other hand, has an abundant supply of the stuff. She has a knack for coming up with crazy lyrics, like "I could get a piece of meat from a barren tree/Nothing ever spoiled on me," and "This hairdo's truly evil/T'm not sure it's mine," that far outwit any of Pooka's feeble attempts. And then there's that characteristically eerie, penetrating voice that lies somewhere between a nasal whine and a high pitched scream. Once the driving force behind the Throwing Muses' music, this voice has recently transferred its distinct power to Kristin Hersh's solo acoustic effort *Hips and Makers*. Live, the voice is reinforced by a persona which, like the lyrics and vocals, is a fusion of vivid contrasts. Two wide eyes stare intensely past the audience into private oblivion while a huge grin shapes itself around the outpour of

bizarre, image-laden phrases. The last time I saw Kristin Hersh was last fall at the Commodore when she and the Throwing Muses opened for Sugar. And although on Monday night she came replete with all her enticing charms and even threw in a few acoustic renditions of such Throwing Muses favourites as "Red Shoes" and "Pearl," I must say that the Commodore show was a lot more exciting. "Red Shoes" at the Starfish Room sounded bland and incomplete without the steady back beat of drums and an occasional squeal of electric guitar. Kristin's approach was much different this time around too. The glaring eyes and evil grin were still there but this time they were coming at you from a single stool on stage and the usual in-between song silence was replaced by cutesy anecdotes about her self-proclaimed 'acid casualty' father,



In celebration of their month long engagement to Seattle (where, with production credit to Steve Fisk, they initiated and completed the recording of their next full-length release—slated for early-fall), the Wedding Present played Rockcandy on Sunday, May 22. We were there, we know you weren't. Joel Fraser kindly donates this photo.

a cozy home in the Catskills, and his two-year-old wunderkind Ryder. She quietly strummed through most of the songs off the new album, including a solo version of "Your Ghost," which appears as a duet with Michael Stipe on the album, and then came back for a two-song encore of older material. All in all it was a quiet evening during which not too many feathers were ruffled but a few chills were still sent up the spine by Kristina Hersh's trademark vocals.

Kazi

Scraw! Bite Starfish Room **Wednesday, May 18**

I'm the kind of person who gets nervous about crossing the street when the light says "don't walk," so when a poster says it is going to be an early show, I'm early. Unfortunately I'm a rare breed and was the only person who was on time, so I sat in a corner for about half an hour before anyone else arrived. But hey, the Starfish Room is a cozy place and I wasn't too bothered by my solitude.

Bite went on at about 8:45 pm. I have played Bite's seventh on my show on CTR and found it quite good, so I was looking forward to their set. The three-piece outfit had a few technical difficulties such as broken cymbal stands and bass strings, but they dealt with their problems good-naturedly. Both the guitarist and bassist sang, and I was very impressed with the

guitarist's voice when she finally let go during the second half of their set.

Scraw! have been around for a while, which was obvious from their skillfully played set. As with Bite, both guitarist and bassist shared singing duties, and while their individual voices were strong, they're combined voices were beautiful. Scraw!'s slower songs, with their distinct basslines, were the best.

It is very fitting that these two bands should play together. They share some similar structure in members, but it is interesting to see what difference those member's personalities make in the music that comes out. Bite has a rawer, younger energy that works quite well and Scraw! have a more sophisticated, technical approach. Overall, a very nice combination. Neither band outstepped the other, instead their differences just made me appreciate their individual styles more.

Trish Kelly

db's Hungry Eye **Saturday, May 21**

It must be hard enough to get people into your music when you're first on the bill and playing to an almost empty bar, but it's gotta be that much worse when you're all in your mid-twenties and the general consensus among the few people watching you is that you're all very sweet and cuddly. Not that it's necessarily a bad thing to have people think that of you, but it's hardly

conducive to creating any sort of punk atmosphere. After all, nobody ever called the Sex Pistols cute.

That said, db's wail. Guitarist Andy Dixon shreds his way through catchy bands of punk rock/power-pop with amazingly accomplished abandon, while singer Jason Gander combines the crackling urgency of his vocals with smirking charisma and a bounding intensity that reminds me of what life was like before I needed drugs to have a good time. Every time the band stopped playing he looked like he was about to explode - and then he would, leaping into the air and venting another two minutes of screamingly sardonic teen angst.

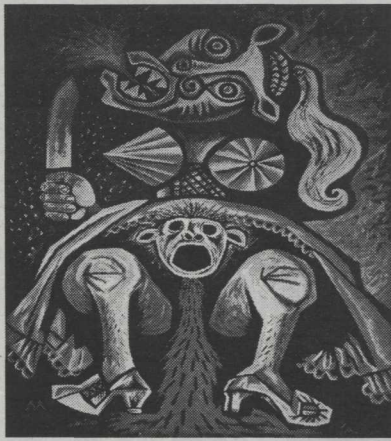
Rounding out the band were Dhani Barges, the archetypically cool bass player, and drummer Paul Patko, both of whom kept the pace fast and furious. In the forty minutes or so that db's was on stage, the band must have played a good 15-20 songs. No masturbatory guitar solos here, thank you very much, just pure punk pleasure - sort of like cub with a hard-on. And more chords. (O.K., nothing like cub at all; I just think 'cub with a hard-on' scans well).

Cool songs, high energy, incredible intensity and lots of talent - what more do you want out of a band? Check 'em out.

As for SOL and DSK, the two bands following db's, I'm afraid I was all rocked out - and out of beer money - before they came on. I heard that they were great though, maybe I'll catch them next time.

Les Vegas

CD RELEASE PARTY **DOG EAT DOGMA**



WITH AGING YOUTH GANG
PAINTINGS BY MICHAEL MANCUSO
JUNE 11th, 1994 - 9pm at the BIG RED DOT
154 W. HASTINGS
Special Occasion - NO COVER



Well, I've no half-baked conspiracy theories for you this month, the key word is value, value, VALUE!!! Liquidation and auctions are great places for deals and key in discovering "Psychosonic" gems. For instance, I read on the BBS that Liquidation World, a place with various locations around town, had a ton of CDs from Tower Records that were slightly damaged in the L.A. quake. The CDs are probably water damaged but thanks to those backward American retailers their long boxes have been shielded them nicely.

I don't know how many are left but, hey, Tower's misfortune could be your gain. Anyway, enough about that, let's get on with it!

I was driving with my long-suffering girlfriend, Jennifer, a few weeks ago. I was a passenger, of course, thanks to a combination of two things: B.C.'s truly horrifying auto insurance rates (I'm certain ICBC calculate their rates according to Taiwan inflation rate) and the swivelneck I get when I'm driving and see a garage sale sign out of the corner of my eye. Well, we were driving past Maynards, this

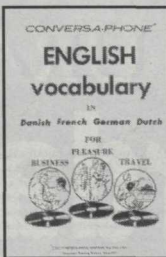
liquidation joint on 2nd Ave. by the Cambie Street bridge, and in a flash I saw the sign "Hundreds of CDs and cassettes MARKED DOWN!!!". After some truly embarrassing begging, my complete pathetic-ness convinced Jen to humour me and drop in. Apparently, Discus, a cheezy I'd shopping-mall record store chain, had finally given up the ghost and was unloading its inventory. On this first visit there was tons of stuff but the place was too packed to have a real lookover. The next time we went was a couple of weeks later and there wasn't much left except for the ridiculous amounts of Debbie Gibson, Duff McKagan, NKOTB and Run DMC CD's everywhere! There was also a lot of vinyl and I really got a chance to look it over. Bargains were to be had on some very strange stuff, such as:

VIL LAERE DEM ENGELSK English for Danish People (Conversaphone)

BAHASA INGELERS English for Malaysian People (Conversaphone)

Sure, all of you have language records but how many of you have records that teach English? I picked these up for 99¢ each - not bad for a 3 record set! Each set comes with a nifty grammar book full of tons of cheesy drawings, plus an unwieldy pamphlet teaching such popular phrases as "I don't like ice cream," "I bite with my teeth," "Co-

caine makes it painless" and thousands of other equally useless phrases. As for the languages, the Danish is drier than flatbread and, while Malaysian is far easier, I couldn't find any phrases for "How many bamboo strokes will I get for that?". There may be an upswing in sales of these records if those fucking Reformers get their way and deep six ESL programs.
Genre: Say What?
Cheezability rating: 85



THEY'RE AT THE POST™ Special Edition (Ronco)

Yep, from the man who brought you the Pocket Fisherman™, The Patty Stacker™ and whatever they

call that spray paint you're supposed to use to cover your bald spot comes the weirdest idea for a game since Hungry Hungry Hippos™. What you get is a book of rules which also contains all of the play money, win/place/show tickets and banker sheets. The record is neat, with a groovy track system that ensures a different one-of-eight finishes. That doesn't make it any less boring, though.
Genre: Gimmick City
Cheezability rating: 50

THE SECTION FIFTEEN ORCHESTRA

"Ballad of Tom Henke" (7") This is a joke song, if you haven't clued in yet. It's the sort of white trash country song combined with shouts and cheers that your booster club membership will getcha. Once Henke was traded this disappeared faster than you can stomp "We Will Rock You." It cost me .10¢ - I got what I paid for.
Genre: Smells Like Rub A535
Cheezability rating: 85

And last but certainly not least, a special double **PICK O' THE MONTH!!!!!!** (The 12") was provided by Mike Beddoes, from one of the best bands on the planet, The Falcons.)



EARTHA KITT
"Where is My Man?" (12")
"I Love Men" (7")

Eartha Kitt was the second most awesome Catwoman on the 60's *Batman* show - definitely sexier than, but not as cool as, Julie Newman (Lee Meriweather was just ridiculous) - as a singer, however, Eartha Kitt had a voice that was the aural equivalent to the stuff in the middle of butter tarts. She recorded quite a few LPs but her star dimmed in the early 70s and she hasn't aged very well since; seemingly, she's turned into one of the few female drag queens. She was, however, very popular in gay clubs and Jaques Morali, the Svengali-like producer of the Village People, took on the task of producing these two gaudy masterpieces: Eartha purrs and slides over top of a totally goofy disco track, parodying herself every step of the way. Morali, knowing his audience, fills the songs with the same cheery double meanings that put the Village People on the disco map. Pure-fect comedy party records!!
Genre: The Vegas Idea
Cheezability rating: 95

S'all for now! If you wanna send me goodies to burn o' my ears with, drop me a line c/o *Discorder*.



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PRESENTS

PANTERA

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WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

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Saturday July 9



PNE Forum

7:30 P.M.



Tickets Available at all **TICKETMASTER** Outlets
or charge by phone 280-4444





UNDER REVIEW

SONIC YOUTH Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star (Geffen)

Imagine, if you will, that you are the fetus currently gestating in Kim Gordon's womb. In a few weeks you will come squirting out into the world as a gooey red mess, the mewling offspring of alternative rock's (now unchallenged) First Couple. Just west forward a few years, past your idyllic if somewhat warped childhood, to the point when you first start to really wonder about your parents. After all, no one else wore matching leather boots and leather teddies to Parent-Teacher Night. Your curiosity piqued, you cancel your 2:15 appointment with your analyst and flip through your parents' copious record catalogue until you find the soundtrack of your nativity. *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star*. "Hnnm," you say to yourself as you pop another Prozac and listen to Mom and Dad moan, thrash, scream and wail through fourteen tracks of denatured ecstasy, "this explains a lot."

The future of Kim and Thurston's soon-to-be-hatched lovechild aside, Sonic Youth's tenth studio album is a welcome return to the less structured, more twisted and experimental sound of the band's pre-Geffen work. Not that their other two major-label releases (*Goo* and *Dirty*) were sanitized sell-outs; they're not, but they did have a tendency to slip into a monotonously heavy groove that invited an innovative but particularly appealing. It's somewhat ironic that the song on the new album which is closest to the sound of *Dirty* is the insidious, inane and ultimately dull "Screaming Skull," a perfect successor to the insidious, inane, and dull-from-the-start "Youth Against Fascism." Fortunately, there are thirteen better songs to choose from. Best among these are "Starfield Road," a trippy reminder to shoe-gazers like My Bloody Valentine that Sonic Youth fucked their guitar sound beyond recognition before such fucking became so fashionable, "Tokyo Eye" and "Bone," the two latest installments in the "wait...wait...now

WALL!" style of rock 'n' roll; and "Astrologues Mind" and "In the Mind of the Bourgeois Reformer," a couple of scorching riffs through Post-Punk Wonderland.

Literally, *E.J.S.T. & N.S.* is more obscure than its sometimes painfully obvious predecessor, drawing on such themes as the ups and downs of show biz ("Ball in the Heather," "Self-Obsessed and Sexless"), the ups and downs of uppers and downers ("Doctor's Orders"), plus a smattering of pop-culture allusions ("Screaming Skull," "In the Mind..."). My only real complaint with the album is the stupid, surging noise-fest at the end of the CD. Okay, everyone, we all know that technology can be fun but enough is enough. I hereby declare a moratorium on all surprise second endings, run-out grooves and hidden bonus tracks. My nerves just can't take any more of this shit!

Les Vegas

BAD LIVERS Horses in the Mines (Quarterstick/Touch and Go)

Bad Livers is a trio based out of Austin, Texas whose style is predominantly molded from traditional bluesgrass music. Yet, unlike most bluesgrass bands who tend to devote their energy almost solely to traditional style, Bad Livers seems compelled to fuck with the recipe they so obviously respect. Don't get me wrong, though, these guys are great musicians. Fiddle player Ralph White III is so smokin' that you expect him to saw the damn thing in half—a thought reflected in his solo track, "Chainsaw Therapy"—and Mark Rubin plays, slaps and drums on his bass fiddle oh-so-seductively that it would be safe to say that it's his music, though his pick-up on him his "Puke Grob." Both of these musicians take the songs on *Horses in the Mines* into completely different musical realms—White is heard exchanging his fiddle for a squeeze box and Rubin can easily send you into a groovin' strum when he puts down his upright in favor of his trusty tuba—but it's Danny Barnes who leads up to the end vocals and a vast array of string instru-

ments (check out his twaddickin' pickin' on the new Biafra/Nixon recording, *Prairie Home Invasion*). Barnes' talent as a songwriter is vast. Although he wrote almost all of the songs on *Horses in the Mines* you'd swear that you were listening to decade-old tunes, if it were not for the subtle musical humor and sometimes incredibly strange arrangements that give away their contemporary origins. His songs can evoke humor, cynicism, hope and despair yet, at the same time, be downright mischievous. This is truly twisted shit.

Paul Leary of the Butthole Surfers produced the band's debut release (*Delusions of Banjer*, Quarterstick/Touch and Go) but, with a nod of respect and thanks to Paul and others such as Steve Albini and Bobby Arnold, Mr. Barnes himself took the role of producer this time around, giving the record a very unique and stripped down sound. No studio is credited on the liner notes—the only information provided is that the record was mastered at Abbey Road studios in the U.K.—however, a close listen would conclude that *Horses in the Mines* was partially, if not completely, recorded in one of the band members' own home. It's anti-sampling; you hear the dog singing along or some guy screaming in the background, and during breaks in a song one of the Livers can even be heard walking across the wood floor. This approach wholly suits the music and helps to confirm the possibility that Bad Livers has been reincarnated from another era. I'm as happy as a magnet in a conglomeration of all that *Horses in the Mines* is a howdown, not a comedown.

Dave O'Rama

CARCASS Heartwork (Earache/Columbia)

Call it what you will, thrash metal, speed metal, death metal or grindcore, Carcass is unbelievably fucking heavy, loud and intense. *Heartwork* is a literal slap in the face and kick in the ass. While the parents of many of today's alien-rockers can be found listening to and enjoying the likes of Pavement and Nirvana, Carcass is guaranteed to offend. Corrosion of Conformity's *Blind*, Metallica's *The Ride*, Pantera's *Vulgar Display of Power* and Slayer's *Reign in Blood* are all lofty company for *Heartwork*. They are also a handful of discs that have had the rare ability to transcend musical boundaries and create something new, beyond metal or hardcore. Taking an existing style of music and pushing the envelope further and further than ever before, *Heartwork* is indeed on par with any of these. And along with the likes of Pantera, Pitch Shifter and Sepultura, Carcass is helping to redefine the shape and sound of metal as we know it.

Mr. Eric FHYH

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS Let Love In (Mute/Elektra)

Don't let the execrable cover throw you off (pale, out of focus Cave in front of a lurid, pinkish backdrop). Nick Cave's music just gets better and better. *Let Love In* was recorded by Tony Cohen, who

worked with the Birthday Party, and this inevitably gives the album that vintage Cave quality. Because Cave works with old friends on *Let Love In* the album has a wonderfully relaxed and languid feel (witness the song "Red Right Hand"), which the previous release, *Henry's Dream*, lacked—but that may be in part to Neil Young's producer, David Briggs, being "appointed" by Cave's record label for the recording of *Henry's Dream*. Even though there is a more relaxed feel to *Let Love In* Nick Cave hasn't rolled over and died. The Bad Seeds are given free reign and cheesy organ lines and bursts of crashing metal abound; in fact, things can get quite noisy ("Landing Jack").

On his previous releases Cave commonly took the role of the storyteller, which served to distance him from the listener and the lyrical content. This time out he is writing, mostly, confessional snippets about himself and love: finding it, being screwed up by it and, loosing it. My favorite example of this is the nasty sounding country rocker, "Thirsty Dog." The setting is a well-worn one, the self-pitying drunk at the bar, but Cave gives a personal and honest spin with lines such as: "I'm sorry for the other night, I know sorry don't make it right/I'm sorry for things I can't even mention." And "Lay Me Low," which chronicles with sly humor the events after his own death. "The sea will rage, the sky will storm/All men and beast will mourn/When I go"—helps in displaying the much appreciated literacy, wit and honesty of *Let Love In*.

Nick Cave may be one of the few artists around who can record an album that makes more than a small nod to his musical past but still sounds as fresh as the devil.

June Scudler



MATERIAL Hallucination Engine (Axiom)

According to producer/arranger Bill Laswell, Material is "a mutated version of sounds that are put together over time." *Hallucination Engine*, Material's fifth album, couldn't fit that description any better as it features Laswell combining ambient, jazz, funk and dub sounds with diverse cultural influences. Taking three years to assemble, songs such as "Bumal Dred" and "The Hidden Garden" incorporate intricate melodies with ethereal stringed instruments and appropriately utilized the Arabic, Indian and African musicians and instruments enlisted for *Hallucination Engine*. The jewel of the project, however, is an Orbenma

of "Matra," found on the album's first single.

Each song is a unique collaborative effort—like The Orb, Laswell works with a variety of composers on instrumental songs that often meander beyond the eight-minute mark, and although the album ventures dangerously far into jazz and funk territory, at times, it is well-balanced by Orb-like trippy effects and dub rhythms. Overall, *Hallucination Engine* is a worthwhile investment.

Ted Koppman

THE KAISERS Squarehead Stomp (Imperial Records)

Following in the wake of fellow Southern rockers the Rezzillos, Proclaimers and Teenage Fanclub, the Kaisers have just exploded onto the world scene with its debut album, *Squarehead Stomp*. Here are the goods, quick and painless: 60" big-beat rock 'n' roll in that vintage fashion, sounding EXACTLY like Billy Childish and the Milkshakes did between 1980-1985 and in the course, like the Beatles did between 1960-1965. This album is basically *Live at the Star Club* re-recorded but it's still great. The cool cover graphics and sheer obscurity of this record make it worth having, never mind the fact that it's a great party album, pompalouds, leather vests, pointed boots and all.

Grant Lawrence

PIGFACE Notes From the Underground (Invisible)

Pigface has evolved and *Notes From the Underground* is by far the most fluid and focused album they've created yet. One theory of their existence in the department of former members Chris Connolly, Ed Esch, Mary Byker, Paul Raven and Will Tucker. By combining a new lineup with dream-pop noise, heavy bass and techno beats, *Notes From the Underground* transcends the "industrial music" label and forfeits the death-metal affinity for a more musical stylized, and dare I say, sexy sound (don't say I did I warn you if you notice a funk-metal groove on some of the tracks).

Pigface has finally proven that it is much more than just an industrial tie-project by blowing away other similar efforts (such as the Revolving Cocks) and enlisting the likes of Mark Wallis, Duane Denison, Jello Biafra, Genesis P-Orridge and Flea with the remaining members: Martin Atkins, Nivek C. Gro, Andrew Weiss and Lesley Rankine. Pigface is still seething with rage and virility and this is easily one of the best albums of the year.

Christian

THE LEATHER UPPERS OK, Don't Say Hi (Past It Records)

This smash planet from the Toronto-based garage-cheese/glam trio The Leather Uppers will keep the kids down at the drive-in hopping all night long. Originally formed in 1991 by classy Craig Daniels and Greg Tymoshenko, the Uppers have since added drummer Tone E.B. (Jelly Boyfriends) to fatten the sound. With two cassettes and two 7" singles, including the catchy anthem "I Don't Like You (very

much)," tucked nicely under their brown-studded lapels, the Leather Uppers come out with a more produced and direct sound on *OK, Don't Say Hi*. These craze-mobsters have spent their hours in the basement and it shows.

These boys are hot bananas live, too, and even the fashion kings—when was the last time you saw a group roll into town wearing matching brown platform shoes, fuzzy pink vests and diapers? Witness their cover art which supplies the uninitiated with a mid-'70s style photo as a tribute to the colorful outlandishness, with sideburns, gray hair and collars that knock the fuck out of any "new" retro fashion these days. Yesterday's fashion today.

Sean Raggett



NAILBOMB Pointblank (Roadrunner/Attic)

Nailbomb is Sepultura's Max Cavalera and Fudge Tunnel's Alex Newport, and *Pointblank* is a must for anyone with a passion for angry intensity. As he does with Fudge Tunnel, Newport provides *Pointblank*—a collaborative effort with fellow musicians from Fear Factory and Wicked Death, as well as Andrew Kisser and Igor Cavalera of Sepultura—with superior mixing and production. Nailbomb's songs attack heroin fuck-ups, racism, cloistered-neglect, materialism, apathy and religion and the result is intense hardcore with angry punk lyrics.

I know, "Say no more, it's metal," and all of you pop-rock bitches don't want to hear it. Well, open your minds to a new insurance of hardcore thrash. These new thrash bands are far more creative and blind-blowing than the hardcore that they grew up on.

Hoolligan

THE LYRES Some Lyres (Taangil)

The amount of Lyres material that seems to be coming out since their re-emergence with the *Happy Now...* LP is reaching Mom Menlike status. But I'm not one to complain. Sporing a cover ripped off from the Rolling Stones' *Some Girls* record, *Some Lyres* is primarily a compilation of tunes that have already appeared on various Lyres releases dating back to 1979 (with the inclusion of their debut 7"). Rehabbed, retool—call it what you will—whatever it is, it's rock and roll only the Lyres can deliver.

Bryce Dunn



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Through The Fire
Hole*; from the
now eerily
appropriate *Our
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The Smugglers,
to Joey Shithead's hilarious homage
to Freddie Blassie in *Penell Neck Grek*
(with the cooperation of Cub) — there
isn't a journeyman minor-league in the
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Pigface

- Notes From The Underground

The latest and greatest from Pigface mastermind Martin
Atkins, Genesis P. Orridge (Psychic TV), Dwayne
Dennison (Jesus Lizard), Michael Gira (Swans), Nivek
Ogre (Skinny Puppy), Jello Biafra, Shonen Knife, etc
— it's a who's who of "who's who". Yep, these folks
seem qualified to write some *Notes From The Underground*.

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The Verve

- No Come Down

The Verve have just released a compilation of previously
unreleased material, live tracks, and original demo
versions. Whether with it's subtle charm or penetrating
beauty, this collection provides another angle to an
already three-dimensional band.

• 16.98

IMPORT



Mekons

- Retreat From Memphis

Much like their contemporaries, *The Fall*, this is a
band that's continued to explore new sounds
throughout their 15 year career, yet still earn the respect
of yesterday and today's discriminating indie rock
fans. *Vital*.

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Grifters

- Crappin' You Negative

Dirty, crumpled, blues rock riffs drunkenly swagger with a
Memphis attitude. Sweeping supercharged waves of bad-
ass distortion erupt from such seemingly nice guys. *Crappin' You Negative* like spilt day-old coffee after a night of insomnia
driven mumbblings of spaceships and misadventure. A most
appealing band of squalor rock and a true Zulu fave.

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Eric's Trip

- The Gordon Street Haunting

Pure beauty is found in the hiss and whisperings of these
young mysteries. Their simple poetry vehicle coyly alternates
between quiet acoustic melancholy and electric pop
melodies. Uniquely recorded with a shy demeanour and
gentle energy in the shadow of a ghostly neighbourhood
reference, all making for a charmed new ep.

• ep 9.98



Tsunami

- The Heart's Tremolo

Indie-pop masterminds Jenny Toomey and Kristin
Thomson wax effortlessly with poetic, emotionally-
charged songs and a clean pop appeal which resonates
beautifully with the fluttering indifference or sensitivity
of an aching heart. Pure pop truisms from the Simple
Machine Record's flagship band.

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Velocity Girl

- Sorry Again

Sub Pop's sugar darlings release a new four-song wonder
to hold you until the new album comes out. The songs
are pretty and tender — all about the simple things in
life, such as kisses and candy and pretty things and
Labrador. Yeah, that's right, Labrador. Buy it and you'll
see what we mean.

• ep 9.98



Polvo

- Celebrate The New Dark Age

Come celebrate the progressive and dynamic "now"
sound of Chapel Hill's Polvo. Their oblique inventiveness
unwinds with a careful almost randomness like a
gloriously tuneful collage. Although more
straightforwardly pop than their last effort, Polvo still
manage to rediscover and reinvent themselves.

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- Reverend Horton Heat/Supersuckers

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